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No. 62.

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MR. CHOATE'S PARTY.

An Idyll of "Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese."

Wednesday is a pudding-day at the Old Cheshire Cheese, off Fleet-street; and hardly a Wednesday passes but a party of American pilgrims turns up to share in the ceremonial; for in the United States the "Cheese" and Westminster Abbey are bracketed as London's two triumphant landmarks.

Yesterday, lunch-time came; the mysterious pudding was brought in; and only a solitary American was there to see it. He pined.

He ordered a solitary helping, and his soul rejoiced, yet not immoderately. He was alone in London eating pudding. He was at the shrine of Dr. Johnson. He wanted somebody to talk to; he was heavy with pudding and unexpressed emotion. The waiters refused to listen to him, pleading business.

He looked up, and lo and behold, there entered a portly form, surmounted by a clean-shaven face. The newcomer was in silk hat and diplomatic frock-coat. It was none other than Mr. Choate, the United States Ambassador.

Two charming young ladies—Miss Mabel Choate and her friend, Miss Saunders—were with his Excellency. A young man accompanied them. They, too, ate pudding, and were happy. They drank beer out of the large brown mugs coeval with the "Cheese."

The lonely American bubbled in his seat. He would have spoken, but his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. He had recognised the Republic's representative, and was dumb.

Even "Cheese" luncheons come to an end, and Mr. Choate again donned the silk hat of diplomacy and sought his gloves and umbrella. The gladsome waiter produced the visitors' book.

The two young ladies set down their autographs, their cavalier obliged, and, last, came Mr. Choate. His signature adorned the blushing page, large, round, ambassadorial. They were gone, and the trembling and solitary American had spoken no word.

Now, he found his voice, and, hailing the reluctant waiter, he demanded ink, pen, and the visitors' book. Below the ambassadorial signature he wrote his name. He had joined the party—in the book.

WRECKERS IN A CHURCHYARD.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Berlin, Wednesday.

What is spoken of as the most disgraceful act of vandalism ever perpetrated in a churchyard in Germany has taken place at Nowawes. The devastation of graves and tombstones has led to thousands of people visiting the churchyard.

Chaos reigns in this God's acre. More than a hundred gravestones and iron wreaths have been destroyed. Trees which had reached a remarkable age have been hewn down, the ground being strewn with their leafless branches. The iron railings round the graves have been removed from the ground, and costly wreaths taken from the tombs and thrown over the churchyard wall.

Several of the grave despoilers have been arrested. The police believe the vandalism is the work of an organised band.

BRITISH TUG RESCUES A GERMAN SHIP.

The captain of the full-rigged German ship Neik, 2,121 tons register, which came ashore in a dense fog on Monday night off the Isle of Wight, was nearly giving up hope. He had signalled that he thought of casting the ship ashore. The heavy surf was breaking over the vessel and her position was hopeless. The coastguards stood ready to render assistance with life-saving apparatus. The life-boat was manned and on the carriage.

But a Southampton tug steamed up, and, in spite of the wash of the heavy seas, succeeded in towing the sinking ship to deeper water and safety.

MOHAMMEDAN PEER'S WILL.

Lord Stanley of Alderley, the Mohammedan peer, has left estate valued at £123,516. Lord Stanley, who was formerly attached to the British Embassy in Constantinople, was probably the only instance on record of a British peer who adopted the Mohammedan faith, and was buried according to Mohammedan rites.

IN HONOUR OF A HERO.

At a meeting in Glasgow last night of subscribers to the Sir Hector Macdonald memorial it was stated that the fund had reached £1,500, and, with subscriptions yet to be received from abroad, was expected to amount to £2,000.

It was decided to erect a memorial on Mitchell Hill, a conspicuous prominence in Dingwall. A London sculptor has offered his services gratuitously.

MAGISTERIAL BOMBHELL.

The Stalybridge magistrates yesterday created much surprise by announcing that they have no longer any power to grant vaccination exemption certificates, the Act now having expired after four years' trial.

It is pointed out, however, that as a matter of fact, under the Expiring Laws Continuation Act, 1903, the Vaccination Act will continue in force until December 31, 1904.

MR. SIDNEY LEE'S LAMENT.

He Thinks that the Country Plays Too Much.

Mr. Sidney Lee ranged himself upon the side of Mr. Kipling last night, in his paper upon "Books in Relation to National Efficiency" before the Association of Literary Assistants, in that he considered too much time was spent upon sport and not enough upon intellectual research.

Mr. Kipling, he said, advocated that one-tenth of the time devoted by boys in public schools to cricket and football should be devoted to military drill; he advocated another tenth for the purpose of reading good literature. Mr. Lee had a severe indictment to bring against literature of the Dick Turpin class. He did not see any fiction as an aid to national efficiency, but suggested the fiction which had stood the test of time, "like old wine." Historical works, however, of length and body, which took time and careful reading to digest, were of the most value.

"A man can make a fortune on the Stock Exchange without having read Shakespeare, Milton, Tennyson, or Browning," but anyone who went through life without good literature lacked one of the essentials of good citizenship.

Mr. Lee regretted that a larger proportion of people in this country than in any other country in the world were in the deplorable state of not studying good literature with due appreciation. Further, he reminded his audience that the prestige of the country did not rest entirely upon military or naval triumphs, such as Waterloo and Trafalgar. "English prestige would rest on a lower plane if Shakespeare or Milton had never lived."

A MIRACULOUS MOTOR.

Will Drive a Ship Across the Atlantic in Three Days.

Atlantic liners shall run from Liverpool to New York in three days, says Mr. Peter Thornley, of Burton-on-Trent. Mr. Thornley is an inventor who believes he has invented a new motor, credited with 1,500 revolutions per minute, giving fifteen horse-power under a boiler pressure of 200lb. to the square inch. He claims to have devised a valve which admits a given quantity of steam at the commencement of the piston stroke; the valve is rotary and fitted to the top of twin cylinders. By the operation of this valve so much power is got out of the steam that only hot vapour is left for the exhaust, which is utilised for the purpose of keeping the cylinder warm.

The lever controlling the cut-off valve can be used for regulating the speed and reversing the engine. It is claimed that one ton of coal will produce as much power as eight tons, that the motor will work with compressed air, and also drive dynamos so as to considerably reduce the cost of electricity.

THE KING'S GIFT TO THE MASSACHUSETTS H.A.C.

The King has given a photograph portrait of himself, signed and suitably framed, to the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company of Massachusetts.

Lord Denbigh, in sending the gift, writes by his Majesty's command expressing the King's gratification at the reception accorded by the American Corps to the Honourable Artillery Company of London, and desiring that the portrait should be placed in their armoury. The King is Captain-General and Colonel of the London Corps.

SHOCKS!

Stories Nervous People Should Not Read.

CORPSE THAT WALKED.

Grim Story of an Interrupted Funeral Service.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Wednesday Night.

A queer story comes from Portes, near Valence, in the department of Gers, where an old maiden lady named Clementine fell into a cataleptic trance so profound that her neighbours made preparations for her interment.

Clementine was laid out in her best dress; candles were lit and placed near her, and a crucifix and piece of boxwood were placed at the foot of the bed.

The "De Profundis" was being intoned by the priests when suddenly the dead woman sat up on the bed.

She looked wildly round her, and then got down and walked round the room.

It is difficult to say whether the deceased or the neighbours were frightened the more; but Clementine was so panic-stricken that she leaped out of the window and was killed on the spot.

On the following day invitations were issued for a second funeral, but those who had been invited to the first ceremony excused themselves from attending on the plea that their nerves were not equal to the occasion.

AFLOAT WITH IT.

A Thousand-Mile Sail with a Corpse in an Open Boat.

With a friend as sole companion, a young man named Buckridge set sail from New Zealand. They had rigged up a small boat called the Kiva, and with adventurous imagination hoped to reach London by the way of the big ships.

Buckridge had served in the South African war, and was one of the brave band who went out in the Discovery to the Antarctic.

But a thousand miles out to sea young Buckridge fell from the head of the mast and fractured his skull.

His companion, alone with the corpse, abandoned the luckless voyage and shaped his horrible course back to Wellington.

Half-starved and dazed with the perils of his single-handed tussle with the sea, he and his dead "ship's company" reached harbour on the 23rd of last month.

DEATH IN THE PEAS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Berlin, Sunday.

A carpenter and his wife here had long lived together happily.

The other day the carpenter, untiring his dinner parcel, noticed that the peas which composed the "plat" were of an extraordinarily vivid green. He questioned his son, who had brought the dinner, and the boy confessed that his mother's manner when she handed him the bundle had aroused his suspicions.

The man, now sure that something was wrong, gave the food to two dogs, who both died a few hours later. Information was given to the police, and the dogs are to be examined in order to discover the nature of the poison which caused their death. The woman, who fled from home, taking with her all that she could carry, will be arrested.

ELECTROCUTION BY LIVE WIRE.

Two Horses Struggle Unavailingly With a Coiling Tram Wire.

An empty coal van belonging to Messrs. Stratton, Gentry, and Co. was lumbering lazily along High-street, Brentford, yesterday afternoon when, to the amazement and horror of the driver, Albert Wingrove, the live electric tram wire overhead came coiling down upon his valuable pair of horses. Like a serpent, but with electric rapidity, it wound itself round one animal and then sprang to the other. The poor beasts struggled vainly, and in a few moments they were electrocuted.

In the confusion the driver was thrown down and narrowly escaped being entangled in the wire. As it was, the severe shock rendered him unconscious, and, after temporary treatment by a medical man, he was taken to his home.

It was full five minutes before the constable who ran to the tramway headquarters could get the current switched off.

Two Cars Collide.

Yesterday afternoon, also, on the tramway system between Shepherd's Bush and Uxbridge—part of which is run on a single line—an alarming accident happened. Two electric cars, one ascending and one descending Acton-hill (where the gradient is very steep), came into collision, through one of them failing to clear the loop-line points.

Both trams were thrown off their bogies, and the passengers (fortunately few) were severely shaken. Tram traffic was stopped for over an hour.

A GHOST MACHINE.

Spectral Airships Float on a Lecture Room.

An invention which should be hailed with joy by practical jokers and the organisers of spiritualistic séances was shown by Mr. Eric Stuart Bruce to an audience of children yesterday.

To illustrate his lecture on the navigation of the air Mr. Bruce used the aerial graphoscope, an optical instrument which shows views on the air without a screen. By its means the children saw the ghost of M. Santos Dumont's airship float across the room; they also saw a ghostly Eiffel Tower and other objects. The effect was most weird, and in future, when a shadowy figure is seen in a churchyard and the wind whistles through the trees we shall not know whether we see the spirit of an ancestor, or are only taken in by the aerial graphoscope and an electric fan.

Mr. Bruce has the rare gift of entertaining young people while he instructs them. So the children learned much about the navigation of the air while they watched the inflation of a small model of M. Santos Dumont's airship and its subsequent trip round the room.

The lecturer experimented with hydrogen, burned soap bubbles—"I shall try that when I go home"—was the mental resolve of each small boy—showed red-hot platinum wire, flew kites, and, finally, explained the aeroplane. To the joy and surprise of the children they were each given a "Penaud" flying machine to take home.

THE FIGHTING QUAKER.

How Islam's Lovers Excited His Anger.

Dusky Persians, silver-voiced Moors, Moslems from India in national costume, and English members of the Pan-Islamic Society formed a picturesque group on the platform at Caxton Hall yesterday. They met to "protest against the unjust and violent language so generally directed against their dearly-loved religion in discussing the affairs of the Ottoman Empire."

The hall was crowded with peaceful people—and one Quaker.

All the speakers, with the exception of Captain Bennett and Mr. W. Sperroy, were Orientals.

Captain Bennett knows all about the followers of the Prophet. He has studied them in their own countries. He feels that the English public knows nothing. That is why, he says, it only knows the Mussulman through the sensational and fanatical British Press. Pressmen, he declared, are responsible for the Macedonian atrocities, which only exist in their imagination.

Upsetting Friendly Feeling.

The Quaker listened. Now and then he said, "Hear, hear." He applauded such sentences as "The iniquitous campaign of lies," "Englishmen's love of fair play," but when Captain Bennett said that the Balkan situation was brought about by the clever Russian Pressmen, he declared, are responsible for the Macedonian atrocities, which only exist in their imagination.

"I protest against this attack on Russia," it does not make for peace."

"Sit down. Be quiet," said the meeting. But he spoke for about five minutes, drawing the remarks made by everyone else in the hall with his fierce eloquence.

"I must continue my remarks on Russia," said Captain Bennett.

"You shall not," said the Quaker. "I am only a poor little Quaker, one amongst many strangers, but I'll fight you all."

The chairman jumped in and out of his chair uneasily, while the meeting appealed to him. The Orientals sat impassively. In the middle of the wordy battle one of their number slipped quietly away. Force must be used by force. A big policeman loomed large by the door of Caxton Hall.

"I will now sit down," said the disturbed "and listen. I will say no more."

So the meeting flowed smoothly on. Strangely-named Orientals spoke in their guttural musical, but unintelligible, and their resolutions begging for fair play were passed and forwarded to his Majesty King Edward VII.—the greatest Mohammedan over-land in the world.

HAYDOCK PARK STEEPLECHASES.

Very small fields contested the various events at Haydock Park yesterday. This was probably due to the heavy going.

The Warrington Hurdle Race, which was the principal item on the card, attracted many competitors, of whom Cheriton Belle was the popular fancy, and, in the hands of George Williamson, she had little difficulty in winning her opponents, although at one point the race Strelma appearing to hold a winning chance.

The Ashton Hurdle Race was noticeable for the fact that J. McCall, who rides for the Jockey Club Rules, made a successful debut in this branch of sport on Proxima, who was in a hack canter. McCall is very fond of the National Hunt pastime, and will probably be frequently seen in the saddle contesting similar races during the remainder of the season.

Fantastic experienced little difficulty in securing the Lowton Hurdle Race, and Pata-Cake had trotted in for the Mackerel Steeplechase, Stevedore, who had fallen in the last-named race, was induced to take over for the Wigan Steeplechase, which concluded the afternoon's proceedings.

The following are the names of the winners: Race, Horse, Jockey. Ashton Hurdle (5), Proxima, McCall. Warrington Hurdle (6), Fantasia, Mr. Bell. Mackerel Steeplechase (4), Pata-Cake, Taylor. National Hunt (7) (8) Mehlis, Major. Wigan Steeplechase (9), Newey. (The figures in parentheses indicate the number of the race.)

The meeting is concluded to-day, when the following appear to have chances: Haydock Park Steeplechase—Little May II.; Harvest Home II.; Earlston; Hurdle—Liberation; or Ortyon; or Doleful; Club Maiden Steeplechase—Hugate; St. Helens Steeplechase—Carrier Pig; or Dermot Ashore.

SCOTTISH SPORTS AT OLYMPIA.

The Scottish games at the National Sports Exhibition, Olympia, were resumed yesterday, when Private McDonald, Scots Guards, won the shot-putting competition, in the afternoon, at 34ft. 6in., and again, in the evening, at 36ft. 5in., and also took first place at tossing the caber.

In the final bout of the Scottish wrestling in the afternoon, Private Hume, 1st Edinburgh, Royal Selkirk R.V., beat Captain Fraser, Royal Horse Guards, in 25sec. In the evening, Fraser defeated Hume, 1st Edinburgh, in 1min. 23sec. Glasgow beat Edinburgh in a tug-of-war by two pullers to one.



Mr. B-LF--R (to wit)

(Mr. Balfour, I)

MARRIAGE MARKET—NEW

A Luncheon Which Succor Appealed to Men's Heart

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Brussels, W.

An interesting sequel has followed a notable gathering which was held on June 1 last year.

and the girls, not taking kindly to being condemned to single-beds, put their heads together with a view what could be done.

There was a unanimity of opinion among the girls to appeal to the hearts of the bachelors through their stomachs. They therefore arranged a luncheon for the unmarried young men in the city. The idea was entirely successful. The men turned up in strong force. A magnificent feast had never been given before.

And the luncheon the young bachelors were dancing. The young ladies were a predilection for the dance. And the liking concerned the girls, and now there is to be a ball in the case of at least some of the girls who organised the luncheon.

There are to be married on Whit Monday. What about the other maidens? They are to be married on Whit Monday. What about the other maidens? They are to be married on Whit Monday.

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THE CHAMBERLAIN FISCAL EXERCISER.

In March of last year he had a very narrow escape. With five riflemen as his escort he was passing through the Maran Mountains when the party fell into an ambush of eighty natives armed with spears and rifles. Overpowered by the numbers, Mr. Bury and his men, all of whom were wounded, were forced to retreat, but not before they had killed five of the tribesmen and wounded ten. Mr. Bury did doughty deeds with the butt end of his rifle, till a native wounded him by a stab in the back. The cowardly assailant was killed in an instant by the orderly, and Mr. Bury, though faint from loss of blood, disposed of another Arab before he became unconscious. His companions carried him to a place of safety, and, although the intense summer grass for four days till the season was reached. The lucky young Englishman made a good recovery, and has lived to fight another day.

VICAR AND NURSE GIRL.

Wife's Statement That She Knew All About It.

The relations of the Rev. H. M. Marsh Edwards and the girl Caroline Meeson, daughter of a collier, at Wellington, Shropshire, were again under investigation at the Consistory Court in Lincoln's Inn Old Hall yesterday.

The girl was originally employed by Mr. Edwards, who is a married man, as a nurse, and grave charges are made against the ex-vicar.

Mr. Gill, K.C., resumed cross-examination of Kate Smith, domestic servant, of Manchester, who was in service at the Varner-road School, Edgbaston, Birmingham, during the time Miss Meeson was in partial charge there. She admitted that she was very angry with Miss Meeson over the way in which the latter treated her.

What the Carpenter Saw.

Mary Smith, sister of the last witness, said on the occasion of a concert she saw Miss Meeson give defendant his hat and stick in the hall, and kiss him.

She said in cross-examination that from what she saw she thought her sister was treated "like a dog" by Miss Meeson.

Mr. Gill: You are not surprised that your sister hated her?

Witness: No, I hate her. I knew too much about her. I weighed her up.

Thomas Boundford, carpenter, said he attended the concert referred to above, and left his pipe behind him. On returning for it he nearly ran into Mr. Edwards and Miss Meeson, who were in the yard adjoining the kitchen. They seemed flurried. On leaving with his pipe, which was in the kitchen, Miss Meeson said something he could not catch, and Mr. Edwards without remark slipped two shillings or half-a-crown into his hand.

Mrs. Martha Dickinson, of Sutton-on-Sea, stated that in September, 1903, her house was taken furnished by a "Mrs. Meeson." A clergyman who was called Mr. Edwards frequently visited the house. From his behaviour Mrs. Dickinson thought he might be her husband.

The Wife and the Landlady.

Mrs. Eliza Ann Tatham said in October, 1902, she let some rooms at Nottingham to "Mrs. Meeson" and her sister. When they came they were accompanied by Mr. Marsh Edwards, who was introduced by "Mrs. Meeson" as her brother. They remained until the beginning of January, and defendant visited them nearly every day, excepting Sundays.

On January 12 Mrs. Marsh Edwards called, and Mrs. Tatham told her his "carrying-on" had not been those of a clergyman and a gentleman. Mrs. Edwards said she knew of her husband's visits there, as they took a great interest in "Mrs. Meeson." Witness said "Miss Meeson," and Mrs. Edwards retorted "Mrs. Meeson."

Mrs. Edwards added that she knew all that had taken place, and witness remarked, somewhat sarcastically: "It's a good thing you can trust him!" After some further conversation, Mr. Edwards, who was present, said if the reports got about it would do him a great deal of harm; but witness rejoined, "Not to you, if your conscience is clear!"

The Court adjourned.

THIRTY-THREE YEARS IN GAOL.

Extraordinary Record of a Man Who Wants "One More Chance."

If John Williams had a literary turn, his autobiography should be an interesting work.

This gentleman, who was given five years at the Old Bailey yesterday for stealing, is forty-seven, and has passed no fewer than thirty-three years of his life in custody, thirty years being spent in penal servitude.

His record is as follows:—

1860—Stealing money, 1 month and 3 years reformatory	
1862—Uttering forged orders	12 months
1863—Stealing cloth	7 years
1877—Stealing boots	3 months
1879—Stealing cloth	12 months
1880—Stealing cloth	5 years
1885—Wounding a wanderer	4 months
1886—Stealing scarves	6 months
1887—Stealing a bag	6 months
1892—Stealing a pair of trousers	5 years
1897—Burglary	7 years
1903—Not reporting on ticket of leave	6 months.

He has also been four times convicted as a rogue and vagabond. His aliases have included the names:—

John Taylor, Thomas Cooper, John Williamson, Thomas Smith.

"Your case is perfectly hopeless," said the Common Sergeant, in sentencing him.

"Give me one more chance, my lord," appealed Williams, piteously, "and for the future I will be a better man. I committed this offence because I had neither food nor employment."

UNDESIRABLE CORRESPONDENCE.

Before yesterday's hearing of the Bingham v. Davies case, in which the former sought to set aside a settlement made by him for the benefit of the defendants, Mr. Justice Farwell said he wished people would not write anonymous letters to him about the case. He had just received another. It was most improper, and they might as well save themselves the trouble.

PLAYING WITH MILLIONS.

Whitaker Wright's Colossal Figures Astonish the Court.

WHY THERE IS NO DOCK.

The third day's hearing of the trial of Mr. Whitaker Wright was adorned with such colossal masses of figures that even the many financiers in court, who are accustomed never to deal, much less think, in anything less than tens of thousands of pounds, let a shade of surprise cross their account-beaten features as sum-total after sum-total was rolled out.

The fiscal climax was reached during the evidence of Mr. Arthur Russell, senior examiner in the office of the Official Receiver. Mr. Russell is a mild, harmless-looking, middle-aged gentleman, and no one would have suspected from his appearance that he was capable of perpetrating such stupendous and appalling enumerations as he proceeded to heave out upon the court.

Watching the Wrinkles.

The strain was severe enough when Mr. Russell estimated that the gross loss of the London and Globe for the year preceding September, 1899, amounted to £1,645,000. It became almost unbearable, except to the most hardened experts, when the examiner added that the London and Globe's own valuation of the shares that they held in December, 1900, came to £2,332,000. The tension was somewhat relieved, however, when the witness explained that from this total a million could be deducted in respect of shares that had no market value at all.

The only man who remained absolutely tranquil during this onerous recital was Mr. Whitaker Wright. Yet the Sphinx-like millionaire showed certain signs of interest. Mr. Wright displays whatever slight emotions he may feel by little movements of the parallel columns of wrinkles on the top of his head. When the sum of £500,000 is mentioned those people who study Mr. Wright closely fancy they can detect a movement of one wrinkle; when £1,000,000 is spoken of another wrinkle writhes in union; and when £2,000,000 is reached all the parallel wrinkles are in play—so these close observers declare.

Counsel on Contango.

Admirers of Mr. Wright's simplicity of taste have pointed out that even in the days when Lea Park was the marvel of Surrey the great millionaire refused to adorn himself with jewellery. It is not correct, however, to say that Mr. Wright abjures jewellery altogether. As he sits in court a large signet ring ornaments one of his little fingers, while an unpretentious pin is fastened in his cravat.

In pursuance of their hospitable determination to give the financiers from the City a thorough treat during their visit to the courts, Mr. Rufus Isaacs and Mr. Lawson Walton performed a delightful little duologue on the subject of contango during the early part of the day.

There is nothing that makes the blood thrill through the veins of a financier as the mention of contango makes it thrill, and the two eminent K.C.s showed how delicately and intricately contango can be handled by legal experts.

Owing possibly to his early training on the Stock Exchange the performance of Mr. Rufus Isaacs was especially pleasing; but the financiers were also delighted with Mr. Law-

DEATH SENTENCE INTERPRETED.

Stolid and unemotional, at the Old Bailey yesterday, Adolph Dumpig, a German butcher, stood his trial for cutting the throat of his infant son as the child lay defenceless in its perambulator.

Mr. Bodkin, for the prosecution, stated that the prisoner was drunk at the time. Mr. Justice Ridley interposed, and said that while the fact of a man's being the worse for drink might reduce certain cases to manslaughter, it was no palliation for the murder of an unprotected infant; but when the jury, finding him guilty, recommended the prisoner to mercy, he agreed with them.

Dumpig did not understand English. So phrase by phrase the death sentence was interpreted to him as it was uttered by the judge. But the stolid German turned unmoved and walked quietly from the dock. In the corridors outside, the prisoner's wife wept and moaned aloud, bereft of husband and child.

LAW-ABIDING PROFESSION.

A tramp named Barrett, on being sentenced at Slough Police Court yesterday to one month's imprisonment for refusing to pound stone, said, "I go to prison fearing God and honouring the King."

He was, he said, as great a respecter of law as any man in the town.

HOOLIGANISM LESS FASHIONABLE.

Commenting on the decrease in the number of charges for wounding before him at Newtonington Sessions yesterday Mr. McConnell, K.C., the chairman, remarked that it was a matter of congratulation that hooliganism was not so unpleasantly rife now in the South of London as it was a year ago.

son Walton's rendering of some extremely difficult passages.

Several ladies visited the court during the course of the day, but, for some unexplainable reason, they did not stop long.

NOT IN A DOCK.

Why Whitaker Wright Sits With the Solicitors.

The *Daily Mirror* is able to satisfy the curiosity of Mr. Catesby Bax and other correspondents who have written to ask why Mr. Whitaker Wright, instead of standing in the dock at the Old Bailey, has been "accommodated with a seat" at the solicitors' table in King's Bench Court VIII.

It is not a matter of favouritism, shown either to the Judge or Mr. Wright. No doubt everyone would have been greatly inconvenienced in the old-fashioned court at the Old Bailey, but the trial would have taken place there if Mr. Wright had not been able to show good cause why his case should not be tried by a jury in the City of London, where his alleged misdemeanours were committed. Being able to show such cause, a writ of certiorari was issued, and the case was transferred. By removal to the King's Bench Court, Mr. Wright, therefore, appears as if he were a defendant, and not as a prisoner. He actually need not be present in court during the trial, though, of course, his attendance, if required, could be enforced.

Gruesome Precedents.

As for the dock, only twice has a dock been erected in the High Court. When "Col. Lynch stood his trial for high treason it was a "trial at bar," and the leader of the Irish Brigade stood, for the most part, with his hand on an actual "bar."

On an earlier occasion, when the Clerkenwell Session Court was under repairs, the late Sir Peter Edlin was accommodated with a court in the Strand, and the rogues and vagabonds were penned in a substantial dock.

Other notable prisoners have, however, been tried without a dock. Mr. Jabez Balfour, although allowed no bail, was "accommodated with a seat." So were the men of the Mignonette, who were put on trial for an act of cannibalism on the high seas. It will be remembered that they cast lots and sacrificed a boy, to save themselves from starvation. Then there was "Dr. Jim" and "the Raiders," who were also spared the ignominy of the dock, and a group of men who were charged in connection with a large seizure of smuggled goods some years ago.

All these precedents for allowing Mr. Wright a seat at the solicitors' table are within the recollection of a responsible official at the High Court.

It may afford Mr. Bax and other correspondents some satisfaction to know that Mr. Wright, though on bail, is never out of sight of representatives of the long arm of the law, nor will his bailiffs be released until a verdict is returned.

CARRYING A WITNESS INTO COURT.

Mrs. Martha Powell, who was wounded at the time that Hilda Poppie was murdered at the house in Artichoke-hill, about a fortnight ago, was carried by police officials into the Thames Police Court yesterday on a chair, in order that she might give evidence against John Coleman, the man charged with the crimes. Afterwards she was taken back to the London Hospital.

Coleman was again remanded. A postcard, it was stated, had been found in his possession. On the back of it was written, "If anything happens to me send what money there is in my pocket, £4 or £5, to the address on the other side." On his arrest Coleman had said, "The women gave me some cheek and I shot both of them."

TOWN COUNCILLOR'S INDIGNITY.

Mr. Kingsley, a member of the Rochdale Town Council, was on January 5 followed through one of the streets of the town by a woman named Mary Jane Oddy, who roundly abused him and finally struck him on the head and face.

For this assault she was yesterday fined 10s. 6d.

She made allegations that she had lost work through the action of the officials of the local Card Room Operatives' Trade Union, of which Mr. Kingsley is secretary, but these were denied.

ART DID NOT JUSTIFY HIM.

The Wimbledon magistrates were unable to accept the explanation given by George Harris, of Wandsworth, yesterday that he was an artist, and that the reason why he tore down some holly on Wimbledon Common was that it obstructed a view of which he wished to take a "snapshot." He was fined forty shillings.

TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS AFTER.

Breach of Promise Follows Quarter Century's Courtship.

"Brown did not enter an appearance in court," wires our reporter. And no wonder. For Brown had courted a lady who was once young, but is now middle-aged, for twenty-eight years, and, in the end, he had jilted her. She had had no less than four others, but she had kept herself for Mr. Brown.

Yesterday, at Preston Sheriff's court, a jury sat to assess the exact sum that William Brown, of Boscombe, Bournemouth, aged fifty-two, and formerly a builder's merchant, should hand over to Miss Eliza Dawes, of Heaton Park, Manchester, the lady in question. Needless to say, the action was one for breach of promise.

Alas! that Spring should vanish with the rose! That youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close! The nightingale that in the branches sang, Ah! whence, and whither flown again, who knows! wires our reporter, shedding valiant tears.

Then more prosaically:—Mr. Brown and Miss Dawes had met when the former was a young man of twenty-two, and the lady a maiden of eighteen summers.

On Miss Dawes's twentieth birthday the parties became engaged. Mr. Brown, who was then sixty years of age, died. He seemed to anticipate her early death, but she lived until she reached the age of eighty-four.

"Wait Till Mother is Cold."

During the whole of that time, however, the parties kept up the engagement, and she nursed him and his mother through several illnesses.

In October, 1901, Mr. Brown's mother died, and in the following month he came to see his fiancée, and in reply to her question, "What maintained his intention to marry her," he added, "we must wait until mother is cold in the grave."

This postponement was followed by the following letter:—

"My dear Eliza,—I am leaving Southampton for America by the St. Louis on Saturday. I think it best to take a bit of rest before I settle down. I will send you my address as soon as I get there, and if you like to come to me I will forward you a pass to come to Liverpool. Of course, I shall not settle in America, but I felt a desire to see the country before settling down in Manchester, as I always wanted to go there.—With love, W. B."

Brown's next step was to marry and desert his second fiancée, and Miss Dawes, who had already issued a writ, had it served upon her as he was leaving the steamer on the 10th of December.

She had waited twenty-eight years, she had refused four other lovers, and Brown had jilted her. Brown is a man of considerable private fortune.

The jury awarded Miss Dawes £750.

LAND SHARKS.

Sailors, Whom They Rob, Will Fight, But Not Prosecute.

Two land sharks named James Flanagan and James O'Connell were convicted at the Old Bailey yesterday of robbery with violence from a sailor.

The latter met the two men in a public house near London Docks and stood them drinks. On leaving the house he was known to them, and they followed him down and set upon him. They robbed him, stood upon him, and robbed him, and he made his escape.

A constable stated that there were many shipping offices in the district, as were many near the docks, and large numbers of sailors were paid off there. Men of the prisoners' class waylaid the sailors, and then with drink, and then robbed them.

If any arrests were effected the sailors were rarely prosecuted. They wanted to fight with men, but would not trouble to prosecute. A common lodging-house where the prisoners were arrested was a resort of thieves, and a dangerous house. The police never were sent to the place singly.

Flanagan, against whom there were several convictions, was sentenced to four years' penal servitude. Sentence on O'Connell was postponed.

WAITER'S £2,135 CHRISTMAS BOX.

The search for £2,100 in Bank of England notes, the sum still unaccounted for after the arrest of Schwartz, a German waiter, on a charge of stealing £2,135 from Mrs. Margaret Thaler, had been arrested yesterday at a West Kensington boarding house, for the possession of the notes being found in the possession of a woman living in the house.

The West London magistrate was informed yesterday that the Scotland Yard authorities had received information from a woman named Margaret Thaler, who had been arrested much, found in possession of £1,750 worth of notes and 573 marks in German money.

Evidence was called to show that the robbery Schwartz dispatched two registered letters to a woman of that name.

Detective-Sergeant King stated that Schwartz's arrest, he had a conversation with him in German. Schwartz said, "I was promised to give me a Christmas box, but she gave me nothing, so I helped myself." He had no idea I had taken so much."

The magistrate committed the prisoner to trial.

EIGHT YEARS AFTER.

Promise Follows a Century's Courtship.

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BIG BLAZE IN PICCADILLY.

Great Flames From a Broken Gas Main.

Piccadilly looked unusually dreary in the drizzle of rain which fell dismally from a black sky at six o'clock yesterday morning. The dreariest spot in the whole length of the thoroughfare was the gap between Arlington Street and what remains of the Walsingham Hotel, where heaps of bricks and piles of boards and builders' ladders made a miniature wilderness, dimly visible by the flickering lamp-light. Suddenly the prosy squalor of the corner site was lit by blue flames, which changed the scene as though by magic to one of Dantesque grandeur. That, lightning, shot forth a vermillion flame. Up leapt a jet of light, darting in a shining streak twenty feet in the air and illuminating the street far down its length on either side. A crowd appeared with the mysterious promptness usual when something exciting is toward. A magnificent sight. The fire-engines came rattling up, and the hose was turned on the fire. The flames spread and attacked the stand on which was poised a huge crane. With a reverberating crash the huge mass fell into the trench which had been dug by the workmen, and in falling burst the gas main. At once a wide sheet of flame rushed heavenwards. It was a magnificent sight. The trench, half-filled with debris, was turned to a yawning gulf, which might have been the entrance to the "internal kingdom of eternal flame." Like a waving curtain of lurid light, the hotty the cheeks of the spectators, who pressed as closely as the arm of the law would permit to the "burning, fiery furnace." The firemen, imperturbably patient, let the jet of water play on the surrounding woodwork; it was impossible to make any impression on the flaming bonfire, but they succeeded in keeping it within bounds. At half-past ten the conflagration was going merrily forward, but the officials of the company set a gang of workmen to tear up the roadway, and eventually the supply of gas was stopped, the flames grew less fierce, flickered fitfully, and finally died out. A 2d. STAMP FOR £1,450. A Sensational "Find" in a Schoolboy's Collection. It does not fall to the lot of every school-boy stamp collector to acquire and keep in blissful ignorance for forty years so rare a specimen as that disposed of yesterday afternoon at Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's for £1,450. The extraordinary value of this 2d. blue Mauritius stamp, issued in 1847, lies in the simple fact that through an error of the engraver the words POST OFFICE appear in the left margin instead of the usual "Post Paid"; and to this error it is due that a collector has been found to pay for this tiny bit of coloured paper more than the worth of its weight of radium. The lucky owner was Mr. James Bonar, of Hampstead, who, when a boy at school at Glasgow, in 1864, became possessed of this treasure, probably by exchange, but under what circumstances he does not remember. For forty years it lay unsuspected in the midst of an otherwise worthless collection, until it was by chance discovered by a lady philatelic enthusiast, to whom Mr. Bonar was showing his discarded album. Of this particular variety only ten or eleven specimens are known to exist, and this one is certainly among the finest; it is unused, and has very good margins, as will be seen from the accompanying illustration, for which we are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Puttick and Simpson. The Taitting collection in the British Museum contains both the 2d. blue and the 2d. red, the latter used; two specimens of each value, one used and one unused, are to be found in Paris in the famous collection which will, at its owner's death, find a place in the Louvre. Altogether there are among the 1,000 originally printed, nine in France, and of these eight are in England, nine in France, and one in Russia. From £500 to £1,450. It is the first time that a twopenny "post paid" stamp has changed hands in the open market, and it was amid considerable excitement that the first bid of £500 was taken by the auctioneer; in a very few minutes the price was reached, and at this price the stamp was knocked down to Mr. Bonar, who, while refusing to divulge the name of his principal, vouchsafed the satisfaction of information that the stamp will remain in England.



The scene in Piccadilly yesterday morning during the outbreak of fire at the partly demolished Walsingham House Hotel. Owing to the breaking of a gas main a huge flame shot up, and the roadway had to be torn up so that the supply of gas might be cut off.

THE SOCIAL PEEP-SHOW.

The King and Queen will hold the first Court of this year about the middle of next month, when they will receive all the diplomatic and Ministerial officials, and a large general attendance is expected.

The anniversary to-day of the Duke of Clarence's death calls to mind the remark made at the time the lamented Duke passed away, by one who was present at Sandringham during that sad time. "Intense as was the Princess of Wales's grief," said my informant, "I have in the course of my professional life seen many mothers in as deep anguish; but never in all my experience have I seen a father so overwhelmed with grief as was the Prince of Wales when his eldest son died."

The bride of to-day, Lady Mabel Annesley, is the eldest daughter of Lord Annesley, and a particularly pretty and charming girl. Her engagement came quite as a surprise to most people, and both she and her future husband have received quantities of wedding presents from a host of relations and friends. Lady Mabel has not been seen much in London lately, as she and her beautiful step-mother, Lady Annesley, much prefer a quiet country life at Castlewellan, in Ireland, being devoted to outdoor pursuits, particularly fishing. The one social function they invariably attend is the Cowes week, for they take the greatest interest in yacht racing.

The wedding of Mr. Lucius Gubbins, 13th Hussars, and Miss Joan Croker, step-daughter of the Vice-Chancellor of Ireland, which takes place near Dublin to-day, unites two well-known Limerick families. The bridegroom is a nephew of Mr. "Jack" Gubbins, twice winner of the Derby, and owner of several famous racehorses; while the bride belongs to a branch of an ancient Devonshire family, which settled in Ireland many generations ago, and which before the disestablishment of the Irish Church had considerable Church patronage. An amusing

anecdote is told in this connection. Early in the nineteenth century the then head of the Crokers gave his two younger sons and his nephew three excellent livings adjoining his property. There was little to do, and the three rectors regularly followed the Limerick Foxhounds. One day a woman, whose son was dangerously ill, called at the nearest rectory and inquired for Mr. Croker. "He is out hunting," was the reply. She went on to the second, and finally to the third parish presided over by a Croker, receiving the same answer in each. "Drawing blood" the third time was too much for the sorely-tried parishioner, who burst into tears, and exclaimed, "Oh, it's hard that that varmint of a fox should have three parsons at his death, when there's not one to come to my poor boy!"

Miss Madeline Bourke has had a series of disappointments in connection with her wedding next Saturday. The date of her marriage was advanced in order that her father might be present, but he has been so ill that he was ordered to the Riviera last week, and Lord Mayo, in his absence, will escort the bride to the altar. Illness has been rife, too, among the bridesmaids. Lady Edith Villiers has jaundice, Miss Joan Dickson-Poynder and Miss Monica Marjoribanks are both laid up, while Miss Barbara Lister is in terrible anxiety about her brother, Captain Lister. The King has sent Miss Bourke a splendid diamond and sapphire crescent, and Sir Ernest Cassel and Mr. Rothschild have also sent handsome wedding gifts.

I noted with unwonted pleasure (writes a correspondent) that my old friend, Edmund Candler, is acting as "special correspondent" with Colonel Youngusband's mission to Tibet. No better selection could have been made, for Candler has been there before, and moreover, knows his Asia thoroughly. "Tedmund," as we called him at Cambridge, is, like C. B. Fry, an old Reptonian. A scholar of his college, a good footer player and unwearied across country, "Tedmund" drifted to India, and, taking his life in his hands, set

out on foot across Asia. He had no money, but he had a couple of guns and an excellent constitution. A few of his adventures are recorded in a modest volume called "A Vagabond in Asia." But the best of his stories have never been published. That he explored the Shan States, Siam, Cambodia, and Cochinchina on foot; made his way through Persia to Bagdad, crossing the desert thence to Damascus with the Turkish postman; that he behaved in much the same way in South America, and had already gone as far as was permitted over the Tibetan frontier, few knew but his intimates; for his besetting vice is an appalling modesty. On the right side of thirty, delightfully indifferent to public applause or danger, Candler is sure to make a reputation despite himself.

Mrs. Arthur Paget left London yesterday for America, and her visit is being eagerly looked forward to on "the other side," for, on account of a long period of ill-health, she has not visited her native land for some time. When she returns she will bring back with her Miss Leila Paget, her daughter, who has been spending the autumn and winter in the States. Mrs. Paget, who was Miss Mary Stevens, of New York, was known when she made her debut as the "Belle of New York." So great was her popularity that she used to appear at balls with seven or eight bouquets slung from her arm, it being then the fashion among American girls to carry their trophies so.

Her marriage to General Paget took place after a month's acquaintance, and since then Mrs. Paget has been one of the leaders of society. It was she who revived the bal poudré and the fancy dress dance, and, before Bridge came into fashion, her Poker parties were the gayest affairs. "The most brilliant conversationalist in London" she has been called, and certainly there is no more amusing companion or any one so universally sought after. In Belgrave-square, General and Mrs. Paget frequently entertain Royal guests, and their eldest son, Mr. "Bertie" Paget, who is in the 11th Hussars, is a god-son of the King.

The wedding of Miss Ethel Gerard to Baron Maurice Arnold de Forest is to take place on February 11 in the Roman Catholic Church at Garswood, in Lancashire.

**FEMALE
JEREMIAHS**

As to the pettecoated preachers of the *Travels*, they need no praise or blame of mine. The *Travels* are busy cleaning out the Augean stables, and the preachers are busy cleaning out the Augean stables, and if it is not altogether agreeable to the work for a lady's hand, be sure they will have their reward in swiftly-succeeding editions of their much-thumbed romances. This literary trick of employing the rake as an instrument of social reformation is as hoary as the making of books, and women, who are audacious enough rarely original, would seem not to fail to avail themselves of this homely garden improvement.

IN A MADHOUSE.

Forged Documents Procure Same Man's Detention.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Wednesday.

A strange and unexampled incident that has provoked a great deal of public indignation has just occurred at Hellemmes, near Lille. Last Thursday afternoon, M. Henri Houtre, a grocer, 53 years of age, arrived post-haste at the local hospital in response to a telegram worded as follows:—
"Come to the Saint-Sauveur Hospital at once. Your son Henry ill."

No sooner had M. Houtre entered the hospital than an individual arrived who handed the officer in charge a warrant bearing the signature of M. Krebs, Mayor of Hellemmes, and ordering the immediate arrest of M. Henri Houtre as a lunatic wandering at large to the public danger.

This warrant was accompanied by a document certifying that Houtre was insane, signed by Dr. Huart, a local doctor.

The stranger, having sent up these papers to the superintendent, went away without anybody attempting to ascertain his bona fides.

M. Henri Houtre was asked to follow an attendant, and, believing that he was about to be taken to his sick son, he obeyed, and lunatics are detained pending their removal to an asylum.

Vain Protests.

As soon as he realised his position, M. Houtre was beside himself. He protested; he begged for his sanity. Possibly he became violent; for the warder put him into a strait waistcoat, which he was forced to wear all night.

It was an awful night that the poor grocer spent thus amid the cries and moanings of his madmen.

Meanwhile, his family, alarmed at his absence, made inquiries, and at last learnt what had befallen him.

Relatives and neighbours now joined together and handed in a petition to the authorities, saying that M. Houtre was not mad, but the victim of an outrageous conspiracy.

This petition proved efficacious, for Dr. Houtre, the noted alienist, was brought in to examine the victim and immediately declared that he was sane. Houtre was then set at liberty.

But before all the red tape and formalities connected with this inquiry had been over, M. Houtre had spent five days and the hospital he declared that this terrible detention had all but unseated his reason in.

An inquiry is now being held into the whole affair, and an active search is being made for the stranger who, no doubt, sent off the bogus telegram and then arrived with the forged documents.

SIR E. CLARKE'S LICENSING BILL.

The licensing question was the text of an interesting speech by Sir Edward Clarke last night. In plain terms he stated what he would like to see in the Licensing Statute for the United Kingdom:—

After the passing of the Act no new on-licence should be granted for either a public-house or a beer-house.

No renewal of the transfer of an existing licence should be refused on the ground that the house was not required for the convenience of the neighbourhood.

In every case of refusal of renewal or transfer, the grounds of refusal shall be stated by the justices in writing, and a copy given to the applicant.

Justices may remove to any place in their division any existing licence, wherever it is at present held. An application for such removal should be made to the justices within a month of the date of the licence.

The licence which now applies to applications for new licences should be granted if the justices of the division from which the licence is proposed to be removed should be of opinion that the removal will cause inconvenience to the locality where it has hitherto existed.

He thought there would be a continuous reduction in the number of houses which in the course of a series of years would produce valuable results.

GOOD MATCH FOR COLONEL MARCHAND.

Colonel Marchand, the hero of Fashoda, is, we are told, the "Figaro" engaged to be married to Mlle. Heriot, widow of Commander Heriot, who was the principal partner in the great Madagascar du Louvre.

Commandant Heriot died ten years ago, leaving to his family an enormous fortune.

Heriot, on behalf of her three children, holds the largest share in the Louvre. The marriage will take place at the end of April or beginning of May.

GERMANY THINKS BETTER OF IT.

The German Government has, says Reuter, indicated to Great Britain its desire again to obtain the most favoured nation treatment to Germany on condition that the Dominion of the Channel gives to German imports similar treatment as it accords to those of France.

This is the outcome of the recent action of the German Reichstag, which last month decided to renew the Anglo-German commercial treaty and to grant Great Britain, in return, the same treatment for a further period of two years.

JAPAN'S REPLY LEAVES HOPE OF PEACE.

Negotiations Can be Continued and There is no Time Limit.

MAIL STEAMER'S EXCITING VOYAGE.

Tracked for Thousands of Miles by a Russian Cruiser—Attempts at Disguise.

As indicated in our issue of yesterday, the reply of the Japanese Government to Russia, which was yesterday handed to Baron von Rosen in Tokio, leaves the question of war or peace open.

It is believed to reaffirm the Japanese position in the correctest diplomatic manner, and allows Russia the opportunity of continuing the negotiations. There is thus even now a chance of peace, and in any event the immediate outbreak of hostilities is not to be expected. The danger, however, has by no means passed, and it is significant that the semi-official Press in Berlin, which has so far been uniformly optimistic, yesterday spoke of war as a "probable contingency."

The report appears to be unfounded that the Japanese cruisers Kasuga and Nishin had altered their course, and, instead of proceeding via Suez, were making for the Straits of Gibraltar. The Kasuga has already arrived at Port Said, where are also the Russian warships which are on their way to the East.

JAPAN'S REPLY—NO TIME LIMIT.

Tokio, Wednesday.

The Japanese answer to the latest Russian Note was handed to Baron von Rosen this afternoon.

It is stated that the negotiations will be continued without any time limit being imposed.—Reuter Special.

THE HURRIED TREATIES.

Washington, Wednesday.

Mr. Hay, Secretary of State, and Chentung Liang Cheng, the Chinese Minister, to-day exchanged ratifications of the commercial treaty between the United States and China which opens Mukden and Antung in Manchuria to the world's trade.—Reuter.

The similar treaty between Japan and China, the ratification of which was also exchanged yesterday, provides that the Chinese Government will open Mukden and Antung. Other provisions are for means of navigating the inland waterways for purposes of trade. The treaty also provides protection of copyright and trade marks; for a system of national coinage, and a uniform national currency, and standard of weights and measures.

WARSHIPS GOING EAST.

Port Said, Wednesday.

The Kasuga, one of the two cruisers purchased by the Japanese Government from Argentina, has arrived here from Genoa, on her way to the Far East.—Reuter.

This cruiser and its sister ship, the Nishin, were yesterday reported to be taking the Gibraltar route.

The Russian battleship Aurora, the cruiser Dmitri Donskoi, and seven torpedo boats have arrived at Port Said on their way to the Far East. The rest of the squadron is expected shortly.—Reuter.

JAPAN SCORES IN KOREA.

Seoul, Wednesday.

The Emperor of Korea has ordered the opening of the port of Wiju, subject to the acquiescence of China, who will notify her decision on the subject by telegraph.

The United States, British, Russian,

FAMOUS SINGER CREMATED.

Yesterday at Golder's Hill Crematorium the body of Madame Antoinette Sterling was cremated. A large gathering, for the most part ladies connected with the musical profession, were present at the short service, which was conducted by the Rev. John Bradford. As the body was placed in the furnace Mr. James Coward played, among other pieces, "Crossing the Bar," which was, singularly enough, the last song the famous singer sang in public.

The chief mourners were: Mr. M. Sterling Mackinlay and Mr. Kenneth Mackinlay, Madame Sterling's sons; Dr. Cummings, Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, and Mr. Arthur Boosey, Mr. Briton Riviere was also present.

THE BOY, THE AXE, AND THE VICTIM.

Mr. Lane, company director, of Cannon-street, had not recovered sufficiently from the effects of the wounds inflicted by his office boy Schutz with an axe, to attend at the police court yesterday, so Schutz was merely brought into the dock and then formally remanded again.

Next Wednesday, it is anticipated, Mr. Lane will be able to be present,

Italian, and Japanese Legations here are now all guarded by troops.

It is stated that sweeping changes favourable to Japanese interests will soon be made in the personnel of the Korean Government.—Reuter.

TRACKED BY A RUSSIAN CRUISER.

An interesting story is told by the officers of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha steamer Sado Maru, which arrived at the Royal Albert Docks on Tuesday, two days ahead of her scheduled time.

The declaration of war had been expected daily throughout the vessel's voyage, and great was the relief of the crew on arrival at each successive port to ascertain that hostilities had not yet been commenced. The first occurrence to arouse the apprehension of the officers was the presence of a Russian volunteer cruiser heavily armed, at Hong Kong, on the arrival of the Sado Maru there.

The Russian ship was still in port when the steamer left Hong Kong, but on reaching Singapore there again was the same cruiser riding peacefully at anchor, having beaten the Sado Maru on the voyage.

The Russian vessel followed the Japanese steamer to Colombo, and it was only after leaving that port that the captain got rid of his unwelcome companion. The night the steamer left Marseilles her Japanese name was obliterated, the well-known black funnel of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha boats became red, while other drastic alterations were made in the vessel's appearance, and to complete the change she was re-christened the Banin. To get quickly out of the dangerous Mediterranean, which was known to contain an unusual number of Russian warships and torpedo boats, the captain crammed on a full head of steam. Once in the English Channel the Sado Maru was practically safe from molestation, and steps were taken to restore her to her original appearance.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The celebrated Russian painter, M. Verestchagin, who has recently returned to St. Petersburg from the Far East, publishes a letter in the "Novosti," in which he pays a very warm tribute to the Japanese, but adds that they have too high an opinion of themselves.—Reuter.

The Tsar's communiqué as to the Russian proposals to Japan, foreshadowed by the Berlin "Lokalanzeiger" the other day, is semi-officially declared to be a pure fabrication.

The Exchange Telegraph Company says France is considering the question of acting with England for mediation between Russia and Japan.

The French warship Sully has received sudden orders to be in readiness to start for the Far East within forty-eight hours.

Count Benckendorff, the Russian Ambassador, had an unusually protracted interview with Lord Lansdowne yesterday.

Reuter learns that three days ago a Russian Circular Note reached the different Powers assuring them that Russia will respect all rights acquired by the Powers in Manchuria.

REMONSTRANCE ENDS IN DINNER.

The British mission to Tibet has arrived within 150 and 160 miles, as the crow flies, of Lhasa. Reuter states that, according to news dated the 10th inst., the mission had then crossed the Tanga Pass, and reached Tuna, seventeen miles beyond Phari.

A Reuter mail despatch, dealing with matters up to December 20th, says General Macdonald and Colonel Youngblood were then at Chumbi, where a long conference took place with the Tibetan official, who requested the mission to return. Eventually great good humour prevailed, and the British were entertained at dinner.

It was generally believed the Tibetans would not oppose the mission, at any rate until the neighbourhood of Gyantse was reached.

WAS IT AN EXCESS FARE?

To the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway Joint Committee has come an anonymous letter containing £20 in Bank of England notes—conscience money for railway fares not paid twenty years ago. Is it possible that the anonymous gentleman, who started his journey twenty years ago without a ticket, has only just arrived.

DISCIPLINE AND VICTORY.

What is Required to Assure our Commercial Supremacy.

Some interesting reflections on habits of discipline as bearing on the race for commercial supremacy are made by the managing directors of Joseph Crosfield and Sons, of Warrington, one of the leading chemical works of the kingdom.

In a letter to the secretary of the National Service League, which advocated an annual training for the youth of Great Britain, they point out that Professor Dewar has stated that the standard of education of the German people is two generations ahead of us. "Their extraordinary commercial expansion and success is admittedly due mainly to the mental development of the whole nation, and this has been largely caused by the stimulus to education produced by certain military advantages, including partial exemption from service given to all who have reached a given standard of education."

"We welcome," adds the letter, "most cordially the advent of the National Service League, as giving an opportunity for improvement in these directions:—

1. Discipline.
2. Physical Development.
3. Mental Development.

"Unless we progress in these three respects, no fiscal policy yet invented, whether free trade or protection, will save the country from being left behind in the race for commercial supremacy."

ROYAL SANTA CLAUS.

Princess Christian's Christmas Tree at the Royal Free Hospital.

They all put on the very smartest things their limited wardrobes contained, and they all tried their very hardest to persuade "Sister" that they really were quite well enough to walk downstairs—for there, in the Calthorpe Ward of the Royal Free Hospital yesterday afternoon, stood the big Christmas tree, whose presents and decorations had all been sent by H.R.H. Princess Christian, supplemented by the promise that she would come herself to present them.

And, bringing the smiles and graciousness that she never fails to take to hospitals, she came, accompanied by H.H. Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein.

The distribution began with the nurses; there was a present for each, generally of specimens of pottery and china from the Italian and Continental schools, with an alternative of Venetian glass.

"A Plague of Visitors!"

Then came the patients. All the semi-convalascent ones had assembled in the ward generally sacred to railway accident cases—small toddlers of two and a half, with many burn-bandages, riding up to the Princess to receive their gifts on a doctor's arm, and grey-headed old men who used the ever-ready nurses as crutches. But it has to be admitted that those of the ward who were still unable to leave their beds had rather a disappointing time. The visitors stood in a solid phalanx between their beds and the platform, whereby they saw nothing of the Princess, and little of the tree.

Princess Victoria was moving towards the bedside of one of these—a lad, who was lifting himself up, and craning himself in every direction, in an effort to see just a little; and she seemed likely to come to him, which illumined his face altogether. But some unperceiving person intercepted it with, "Oh, hush! I pass it?" The Princess resigned the gift, but all the light died out of the boy's face. It wasn't the toy—it was the Princess he wanted!

"I Want My Piggy!"

The bedridden of the other wards, however, fared better. The royal party, pioneered by Mr. Roughton, the surgeon, and the matron, made the tour of the remaining eight wards, the Princess personally presenting the gifts to each patient, and being hugely amused by the solemn salute with which the two-year-old Bertie in the Annie Zunz ward received a brown china pig.

Then "Sister" put the beautiful brown china pig where it would be safe from breakage until his mother's next visit, offering him instead his hitherto dearly loved gee-gee for the purpose of immediate amusement. Yes, but the unbreakable gee-gee was beloved no longer, and thereafter Bertie received all the rest of his visitors with the finest of military salutes. But he reiterated plaintively to each, "I want my brown piggy."

SERGEANT AND FUNDS REDUCED.

The disappearance shortly before Christmas of money belonging to a Royal Marines' loan club, surreptitiously carried on on board the Northumberland training ship for stokers, at Chatham, led to a court-martial yesterday on Sergeant Charles John Ward, the treasurer of the club.

His explanation of the affair was that he lost the money in pushing through a crowd to get to the tram-cars.

He was found not guilty of misappropriating the funds, but his unauthorised action in starting the loan club was declared an offence, and for this he was reduced to the ranks and deprived of his good-conduct badges. He had been three weeks in custody.

Have You Ten Minutes to Spare?

THEN FILL UP THE BLANK SPACES BELOW.

New Bridge Competition by ERNEST BERGHOLT.

TWENTY POUNDS IN CASH

and Ten Handsome "Portland" Bridge Cases, in Morocco, with Solid Silver Mounts. Each Case is of the value of One Guinea, and contains Two Packs of Cards, Two Bridge-Markers complete, and Pocket Guide to Bridge.

BRIDGE DAY BY DAY.

♥ WHAT IS A "CORRECT" SOLUTION? ♥
Since the play of ♥Q by B at trick 5 and the lead of ♥8 at trick 6 is the only defence that gives YZ much trouble in Coupon 13—forcing Y to discard his high Clubs—no solution could be counted correct that omitted to mention that play either in main line of play or in a comment. It is evidently not a correct solution to give a feeble defence, and to add a note merely saying that "if B plays ♥Q at trick 5, Z lets it win," without making any reference to Y's discards. This is an answer to two inquiries that have been received.

Three other competitors write to ask why A should continue Diamonds at trick 2. The obvious answer again is that this lead makes it most difficult for YZ. If A leads ♠7 (as "Palman" would do), there is no objection to A's getting the lead again in trumps. Z can play a round of Clubs, then Ace, King, and a small Heart, and all is plain sailing.

♦ AS WELL AS CAN BE EXPECTED. ♦
The gentleman who sent the telegram quoted in Tuesday's issue appears to be convalescent. We have since had from him the following letter: "I sent you a wire re Coupon 13. Please take no notice of contents, as it was sent in haste." The moral of which is: Send a telegram in haste, and repent at

WEEKLY COMPETITION 5.—COUPON No. 1.

IN THIS COUPON

clubs are trumps, and South has the lead. Write down on the following form what you consider to be the correct play of the five tricks, taking full advantage of the known position of the cards. Underline the winning card of each trick.

Trick	SOUTH.	WEST.	NORTH.	EAST.
1.				
2.				
3.				
4.				
5.				

RESULT:
NS. win tricks.
EW. win tricks.

North.
West. East.
South.

Trick 1. 2. 3. 4. 5.

Name.....

Address.....

WEEKLY COMPETITION 5.—COUPON No. 2.

What would you do as Dealer, holding the three following hands at the specified scores? You may either declare or leave it:—

1. At 1 game and 12, scored by you, to love.....

2. At love to 22 against you.....

3. At love all.....

And what would you declare as Dummy, if it were left to you, holding the following hands at the specified scores?

4. At love all.....

5. At 1 game and love, scored by you, to 1 game and 24.....

6. At love all.....

leisure. We hope that the cure will be permanent enough to enable him to take part in the next great Tournament. Who knows but that he may even win a prize?

♦ THE REVOKES PENALTY. ♦

"Caesarea" says that Diamonds were declared by Y and Z (presumably at Love-all); that B made a duly-established revoke; and that YZ won five by cards. It is asked what points YZ ought to score. They can add the value of three tricks to the thirty they have made by play, scoring forty-eight points in all. *In yesterday's issue the card suggested by "Uarria Boh!" to be led by B was ♠3, not ♥3, as misprinted.

♦ INSTRUCTIONS AND RULES. ♦

When you have filled in your replies to the above two coupons, and have written your full name and address in the spaces provided at foot of Coupon No. 1, cut out the coupons and

enclose them with Postal Order for One Shilling (crossed Barclay and Co.) to the "Bridge Editor, Daily Mirror, 2, Carmelite Street, London, E.C.," in an envelope legibly marked above the address: WEEKLY BRIDGE COMPETITION No. 5. On a separate sheet of paper, pinned to the coupons, and also signed with your full name, you may add any notes you may think desirable, but such notes are not obligatory. No other communication of inquiry may be enclosed under the same cover.

For the replies received the Bridge Editor will award marks, according to merit, and his decision as to degree of merit shall be final. The Ten Bridge Cases will be given to the ten competitors scoring the highest number of marks, and the forty competitors coming next in order of merit will each receive Half a Sovereign in Cash. N.B.—All solutions must be posted so as to reach the office of the Daily Mirror not later than by the first post on the morning of Monday, January 18th.

PLATO SILVER POLISH

Get a trial bottle to-day for 1/-, post free.

when your servants know how easy it is to clean silver, electro-plate and nickel with Plato Silver Polish, which gives a bright polish after just a little rubbing, they will save time and extra work by using it every cleaning day.

when you know that Plato means silver on the worn parts, as well as polish, you will always have some in the house.

Follow directions carefully, then good results are certain. Grocers and Oilmen keep it.

PLATO SILVER POLISH

The PLATO COMPANY, 7, Waithman Street, London, E.C.



ONE SOLUTION OF THE GREAT SERVANT QUESTION.

In spite of the fact that the census returns show that there are more women employed as domestic servants in Great Britain than there are agricultural labourers and miners, mistresses complain that it is almost impossible to obtain good, bad, or indifferent servant girls.

High wages have long ceased to attract. The offer of two evenings a week out has failed, and it is useless to tempt Mary Jane with such blandishments as permission to cycle, use the parlour piano, and even receive respectable followers when the family are not at home, as some mistresses in their despair have unavailingly tried.

Women Conspicuously Absent.

For some considerable time ladies have become almost resigned to consider the servant problem in much the same light as learned men have regarded the riddle of the Sphinx; but recently some well-known society ladies, who accepted the invitation of a prominent financial magnate to accompany him on a yachting expedition, were struck with the neatness, comfort, and order that existed on his palatial vessel, and by the fact that woman's ministering care was conspicuous by its absence.

When could perform the ordinary domestic work of women so admirably at sea, why couldn't they do the same ashore? they argued, with the result that an effort was made to employ discharged soldiers as domestic helps.

Quick-witted Foreigners.

In the meantime quick-witted foreigners were reading the English papers, and it struck several enterprising Swiss and German hotel servants' employment agencies that England presented a field for young foreigners, trained in domestic work, who were willing to perform ordinary house duties in return for board, lodging, and the opportunity of learning the English language and customs.

A number of young foreigners were accordingly brought to this country. Most of them were the sons of the proprietors of small Continental hotels and were, therefore, conversant with the standard of domestic comfort required by well-to-do English people. For the sake of learning the language they were willing to sink their pride and apply themselves to bed-making, scrubbing, sweeping, and the ordinary duties of a housemaid with

The Ideal House Boy.

Quite a number of smart society people have made the experiment of employing them, and a large number of ladies owning fashionable boarding-houses have discontinued employing servant girls since the advent of the house boy.

Ladies daily crowd the offices of the Hotel and Restaurant Employés Society's Club in

Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, and the popularity of foreign boy servants may be gauged from the fact that five years ago they were unknown.

To-day there are upwards of 8,000 employed in London alone.

Fritz and Alphonse.

Ladies declare that they are neater, more obliging, and better versed in domestic duties than the average servant girl. Their superior strength is a great advantage to them when boxes or luggage have to be moved. They have no objection to cleaning windows, knives, or boots.

"Tommy Atkins" and "Robert" avoid the establishments where they rule, and gentlemen find that in addition to their housewifely work they are invaluable as valets.

Children delight in Fritz and Alphonse, they know so many amusing tricks, and at times the foreign house boy is invaluable as a French or German correspondent.

FAIRIES AT THE PLAY.

CHILDREN GIVE LIFE TO MISS NETTA SYRETT'S STORIES.

A really admirable result of the vogue of the pretty play for children, as opposed to the grown-up's pantomime at the work-a-day theatre, is the fact that the child's play is extending itself to the drawing-room.

There is great hope in this. The hope is

so. Indeed, even a little Countess asks her prospective Count the question that Leap Year permits. "I warrant me," quoth he, dropping quite pleasantly into mock-Wardour-street—"I warrant me, if thy conduct pleaseth me, I'll think on't."

Above all, not an atom of the humour and charm of the little piece was lost by what one may describe in the truest sense of the word as the "leading juveniles." The boys swagged for all they were worth, the girls danced in their gay chintz frocks with a natural grace and delight, compared to which the efforts of the average jewelled danseuse of "the halls" would seem nothing more than a succession of jumps.

Little Barbara Tate and Rosalind Marillier, too, looked upon all this masquerade, in their capacity as mortals, with a conviction and an utter absence of self-consciousness that might have been the consummation of art—and probably was, for nothing was more evident than that the children knew they were acting all the time, and rejoiced in the knowledge.

The other two plays were love stories—both terribly sentimental and one rather silly—and neither had half the magic of "In Arcady." To children love is after all, in no way the melancholy experience that their elders recognise. They know nothing about it, and they are too sensible to pretend to, and, as a matter of fact, it doesn't particularly interest them unless there is a great deal of adventure and amusement mixed up with it.

The better of these two plays, "The Dream Lady," which is a pretty enough fancy, showed us at least a beautiful, Auburn-haired, demure, but amazingly competent, little actress in Miss Bertha Selous as Princess Fiametta, who would not marry the Prince because he had not seen "the Dream Lady."

But oh, the Prince! One wonders what the silent and polite little experts at the wings

HERE ARE MORE FAIRIES.

Mrs. M. H. Spielmann has also struck the dream story vein with *Little Lord Castle and Other Tales*, published by Routledge and Co. "Snowdrop's Tale," is related by a kitten. "His Majesty the Sun," and "Princess Reta of Regalia" are charming fancies very poetically expressed, while a thrilling tale is that of "Muriel's Adventures in Fire Land." In connecting the supernatural and the



The "perfect treasure" can even be relied upon to cook a good dinner.

familiar objects of the home, Mrs. Spielmann gives proof of dexterity, and we can fancy many a little one lying before the fire in the nursery or drawing-room staring into the heart of the fire in search of those fascinating images which Muriel encountered.

READERS' PARLIAMENT.

CLUB FOR "LADY SERVANTS."

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

The lady-servant does not, as a rule, seem to be a success. There are various reasons for this. One is because her work has never been looked upon as a career and put on a right footing; another is the unscrupulous manner in which mistresses take advantage of women, who, requiring to earn their living, wish to retain their status as gentlemen, though prevented by want of sufficient education or other causes from entering a higher position.

Only a few days ago I read an advertisement from a widow—she had the grace not to call herself a lady—offering "a refined home and board" to a lady who would do the housework, cooking, and sewing, be energetic, and take an interest in the same. The italics are mine.

What is wanted is a house (which I should like to call the "Gentlemen's Domestic Service Club") established for the purpose of receiving gentlemen who wish to take up domestic service, and a regular employment bureau attached to it. Domestic service for gentlemen must be put on the footing of a profession as much as nursing, typing, etc., if it is to be a successful opening for them.

Such a club should be reserved for servants, not mixing them up with mothers'-helps, typists, governesses, or any other calling.

A WOMAN WORKER.

Moss Lane East, Manchester.

THE DRESS OF SMALL BOYS.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

Can nothing be done to dress our small boys in a more tasteful manner?

I am old enough to remember children's dress of the late fifties, when it was the custom to keep a boy in frocks until he was eight or even nine years old. None of my brothers were "breeched" until their tenth birthday. I still remember how nice they looked, especially upon "grand" occasions, in velvet frocks beneath which an inch or two of white drawers were always shown.

The age at which a boy is "breeched" has gradually been lowered, and now one rarely sees a boy of even three years in frocks. He usually wears hideous and shapeless sailors' trousers, there being no difference in his style of costume to that of a seaman of ten times his age. I was disgusted to see the other day in one of the papers a description of a cloth suit for a boy of two years, and unless there is a reaction I quite expect shortly to see a description of cloth coat and trousers for a boy a month old.

Even now, the old phrase, "When I was a little boy in petticoats," is obsolete, and we are constantly coming across the modern phrase "When I was a little boy in sailor suits." I plead for a partial return, at any rate, to old fashions, when little boys were dressed as children and not as grown-up men.

AUNT MARY.



He scrubs floors with all the conscientious particularity of the seaman who loves snow-white decks.

not so much, perhaps, for the children, who have been their own playwrights, actors, managers, and public in the nursery ever since the world began. The invitation downstairs may only tend to make less of them artists and more of them prigs. But there is hope for the adults. They will see some really good acting, and may learn in time to go and do likewise.

This little marvel of the dramatic genius which exists in practically every child was curiously shown at the performance of what were practically three little drawing-room plays at the Albert Hall Theatre yesterday afternoon, the author of the occasion being Miss Netta Syrett, who wrote, under such memorable circumstances, the prize play of the Playgoers' Club.

One may say at once that the one play which was expressly for children, and acted by them, was altogether delightful. It put entirely to shame one at any rate of the two which were more obviously written for adults, and acted by them unutterably badly.

Shepherdesses in Love.

Curiously enough, too, Miss Netta Syrett herself seemed to have written, as people usually do, infinitely better when she was writing entirely for the children. Her first play, instance, "In Arcady," where some Dresden shepherdesses come out from their cabinet and dance a minuet at midnight, was as sprightly and pretty an entertainment as one might wish.

It was natural, simple, unaffected, full of humour, which Miss Syrett seems quite incapable of raising for maturer purposes. The shepherdesses, for example, are terribly keen upon getting married, and are not a bit shy about saying

and in the hall must have thought when they saw this charming Princess of theirs being made love to after a fashion mawkishly sentimental, dull, heavy, and ungainly—the very antithesis, in fact, in every way of all that a fairy Prince should be.

And this is not the particular fault of the gentleman who happened to take the part. It is the fault of practically every fairy Prince that is at once adult and masculine. In short, one understands after these two plays—"The Dream Lady" and "The Gift of the Fairies," which tells of a clockmaker who loved a Princess—how it was the feminine principal boy of pantomime became inevitable. The custom has its drawbacks, but from the sentimental male amateur, heaven defend us!

"THE MAGIC CITY."

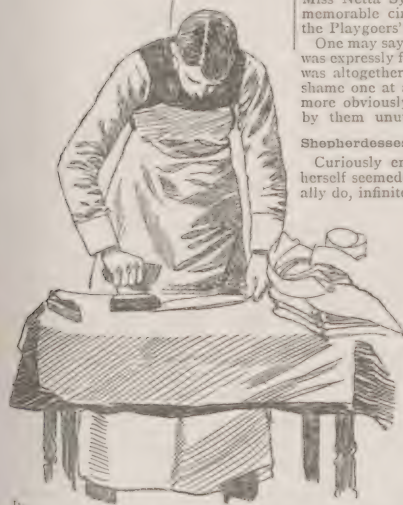
Miss Netta Syrett can put her fairies into a book as well as on a stage.

In "The Magic City," published by Lawrence and Bullen, she tells how Rosaleen, who thought London "a horrible ugly place," suddenly discovered "Lavender Hill," "Child's Hill," and "Spring Gardens," and wove dream stories around these pretty names.

Then London became an enchanted place. Flower-starred meadows bordered the dirtiest streets. The grey river flowed past palaces of pearl and gold. There was an apple orchard in Spring-gardens. Paternoster-row was a cloister through which monks paced and chanted. Dream lavender grew on Lavender Hill. In Paradise-row you could hear the angels singing.

It is a quaint idea this of clothing once again with their primary grace places that were poetical, but now are prosaic, and Miss Syrett has worked out the scheme most successfully, making one believe that her little Rosaleen may be the prototype of many a child, to whom London is not the grim, grey capital it seems, but a city of dreams, surrounded by all that is beautiful in fairyland.

In Miss Syrett's opinion only a narrow strip of borderland need divide the world that is so matter of fact and practical from the one that is aglow with wonder and unexpected happenings.



The new male servant is warranted to have no objection to washing and ironing.

Cailler's
GENUINE SWISS

MILK CHOCOLATE

[Supplied to H.M. the Queen.]

Don't go to the Pantomime, the Play or the Concert without a few cakes. Cailler's has the largest sale in the world, being the best, the most delicious.

At all Confectioners in Ed., 2d., 3d., and 4th. cakes, etc.

If you want the best, ask for Cailler's!

Beautiful Fashions Seen in Paris.

EXQUISITE TOILETTES NOTICED AT THE THEATRES.

A RUSSIAN Grand Duchess was at the play the other night wearing a peignoir with a fichu of ermine trimmed with long pearl passementerie ornaments and roses. In the box next to her there was a lady with a clinging black crêpe gown from the sleeves, bodice, and skirt least a foot long that clanked at every movement. Her hat was a green tulle Eugénie in its arrangement. It was a large square of fine thread lace, almost big enough for a shawl. Picked up near the centre, it was attached at that one point only to the turban with a diamond brooch, the folds falling as they would upon her shoulders, like a widow's veil.

In the box above, my glass reflected being shown by a certain great milliner. It is a tiny shawl of pink mousseline, with the point rounded at the waistline behind and trimmed with a three-inch ruffle of the same material. This single layer of delicate gauze tulle frill, graceful folds upon the black by a pearl and diamond necklace and dog-skin black velvet hat, the soft draped crown pink plumes en panache.

A Study in Reds.

Such an exquisite costume was one in pale blue cloth, the lower part of the skirt of blue blue chemise, and silver bullion. The bodice was a combination of cloth and embroidered broad belt of silver bullion tissue studded with silver stones. In the hair was worn a triple blue ribbon and tied in front in stiffly arranged broad loops.

A startling gown was a very low one of hem crêpe de Chine having a sash and trimmings of black velvet ribbon, a pattern of poppies and red and white painted gauze about the décolletage, and long sleeves of the gauze that swept the floor. A beautiful bib of white lace was laid upon the front of the corsage, with narrow ends crossing the bare shoulders and falling loosely down upon the back. The bodice skirt ribbon were fastened to its baggy portion in the fashion of the moment. A wreath of poppies rested on the hair, one of which dropped to the wearer's shoulder at the back of one ear.

All the hats that have gone down to the Riviera are completed with long veils of tulle or lace. The idea has by no means yet been exhausted. I saw a pretty actress the other afternoon at the Comédie Française. She was floating about the foyer in a modest brown costume and soft furry brown hat, from which a large veil of brown illusion streamed in a

great cloud that blended to a charm with the blonde of her hair.

Bernhardt was also in the theatre, a marvel of youthfulness and grace, her red hair crowned with a thick wreath of pink roses, her baggy blouse of pure white ermine having hip skirts, a



The costume here depicted is a Pro-menade Frock of brown supple cloth, trimmed with brown silk fringe and orchid mauve velvet, which matches the clump of violets in the brown turban.

collar that encased her chin and ears, big p-st buttons, and long fringed white silk passementeries on shoulders, bust, and sleeves. Another night I saw the divine Sarah in a long cloak of pure ermine trimmed with broad bands of Venetian lace, stripes of gold galloon, and many thick gold tassels. The gold went about the edge and across the shoulders, the lace formed long panels the length of the front and back, and gold ornaments and tassels were arranged down the centre of each panel.

A mixture of white and silver roses—can you fancy a more adorable trimming for a bicorne of shirred white tulle, which is accompanied by a little shawl of white tulle bordered with a garland of the same tiny roses? A fichu scarf—almost a shawl—of white lace finished with a ruche of white poppy petals, and accompanied by a peaked toque of poppies draped with white lace flounces embroidered in silver spangles, forms another charming set that is on its way to the Riviera this week.

MESSRS. HAMPTON & SONS.

THE GREAT ANNUAL OPPORTUNITY.

Such is the title of the artistic little book that sets forth the fascinations of the clearance sale that is being held this month at the well-known establishment in Pall Mall East.

And the title is well chosen indeed, for the opportunity is a great one. It includes the chance of purchasing at extraordinary reductions antique furniture and beautiful modern pieces, both separate and in suites, really comfortable and artistic chairs and sofas (the two merits are not always to be found united), and the rest of the household goods.

Specially to be noted is the fact that, having acquired Messrs. Jas. Coulson and Co.'s (of Lisburn, Ireland) famous old-established business and manufactures of fine household linen, Messrs. Hampton and Son will sell this month the entire stock half-price. This is an opportunity to be met with very seldom.

The interesting feature of the hand loom damasks to be found in this treasure hall is the exceptional distinction of the designs, which represent all the most special productions that have been collected during a long series of years. Among them are some magnificent Georgian patterns that the general

public has now for the first time an opportunity of securing.

I am anxious to draw special attention to the carpet department, because it is at this season of the year, before the spring cleaning begins, that carpet renovations are a necessity in all well-regulated households. The stock in both English and foreign goods is most notable, and includes antique Persian and modern Indian rugs, others from far Cashmere, as well as from Turkey. Equally great are the allurements in the departments devoted to finishing fabrics, where there are cretonnes, taffetas, tapestries, chenille, and velvets, both made and unmade, that are wonderfully tempting in price and most excellent in design and texture.

THE DAILY TIME SAVER



PROVISIONS IN SEASON.

Fish. Brill, Haddock, Cod, Whiting, Canadian Salmon, Plaice, Sole, Whitebait, Lemon Soles, Smelts, Crabs, Lobsters, Oysters.

Meat. Mutton, Pork, Veal, Beef, Turkey, Poultry and Game, Rabbits, Geese, Fowls, Pigeons, Pheasants, Teal, Partridges, Quails.

Vegetables. Celery, Carrots, Cauliflowers, Mushrooms, Cabbages, Chow Chow, Tomatoes, Beetroot, Salad, New Potatoes, Spinach.

FRUIT IN SEASON.

Apples, Oranges, Pears, Pineapples, Grapes, Lemons, Nuts, Forced Rhubarb, Marrons Glacés.

FLOWERS IN SEASON.

Blossoms for the Table. Tulips, Narcissus, Lilies of the Valley, Scarlet Ranunculus, Christmas Roses, Smilax, Cat Flowers and Flowers in Pots, Roman Hyacinths, Encluyptus, Pink and White Roses, Winter Cherries, Orange Trees, Various Ferns, Violets.

THE DISH OF THE DAY.

No. 61.—TURBOTIN MIREILLE.

By M. ESCOFFIER, Chef of the Carlton Hotel.

Put in a fish-dish two spoonfuls of salad oil, two chopped shallots, one bouquet garni, and a pinch of chopped saffron. Lay over it a fine clean turbotin weighing three pounds. Sprinkle over the last six peeled and chopped tomatoes, three Spanish capsciums cut in small stars, and a glass of white wine; bring to a boil, then put in the oven, and keep basting until quite cooked. Dish the turbotin, boil down the liquor with a tea-cupful of cream, season to taste. Remove the bouquet garni, and sauce over. Garnish all round with some little fried toast of the shape of a heart, and serve hot. Sufficient for six persons.

Memoranda for Housekeepers.

The daily time-saver for housekeepers is intended to assist in the morning task of ordering the supplies for the day. Careful study of it will show that it has been so designed as to meet the requirements of those directing establishments conducted on a moderate scale of expense, as well as those on a grand scale.

The choice of dishes will be changed every day, and menus of any length can be easily drawn up from it. They will be specially devised to suit the needs of large and small families.

The lists were corrected at the various London markets on Wednesday evening.

A CHOICE OF DISHES.

BREAKFAST.

Herrings baked in Pastry, Grilled Tomatoes on Toast, Braised Sheep's Tongues, Omelette aux Fines Herbes, Raised Pie.

LUNCH.

Veal Broth, *Cod and Oyster Pie, Roast and Stuffed Loin of Pork, Poached Eggs with Spinach, Chicken Rissoles, Steamed Marmalade Pudding with Marmalade Sauce, Claret Jelly, "Scotch Woodcock."

COLD DISHES.

Roast Beef, Pigeon Pie, Russian Salad, Tea, Toasted Buns, Watercress Sandwiches, Chocolate Cake, Genoese Pastry, Apricot Tartlets.

DINNER.

Tomato Soup, Clear Soup à la Rachel, Whiting Soufflé, Salmon Cutlets, Entrées.

*Chicken Cutlets à la Victoria, Stewed Ox Tails, Roast.

Leg of Mutton, Soubise Sauce, Turkey with Sauces, Game.

Roast Ptarmigan, Plovers en Casserole, Potato Soufflé, Mushroom Fritters, Sweet.

Stewed Chestnuts, with Cream, Chantilly Pudding, Savouries.

Cheese Fondue, Stuffed Olives, Ice, Pineapple Water.

Recipes of all the dishes marked on this list with asterisks are given on this page.

SIMPLE DISHES.

The prices of the ingredients are quoted as from the West End shops.

No. 215.—COD AND OYSTER PIE.

INGREDIENTS.—One pound of cooked cod, one and a half pounds of mashed potato, one and a half gills of any fish sauce, eight oysters, three tea-spoonfuls of chopped parsley, salt, pepper, one raw egg.

Separate the fish into large flakes, removing skin and bones. This is the more easily done if the fish is still hot. Line a greased pie-dish with a little of the potato. Put the fish in layers, with the quartered oysters and the parsley. Pour in enough well-seasoned sauce to thoroughly moisten the fish. Cover the top with the rest of the potato, smooth the surface with a knife dipped in hot water. Mark it prettily and brush it lightly over with beaten egg. Bake the pie in a sharp oven till well browned. Serve very hot.

Cost 1s. 10d. for about nine portions.

No. 216.—CHICKEN CUTLETS A LA VICTORIA.

INGREDIENTS.—Half a pound of cooked chicken, one gill of white sauce, two ounces of ham or tongue, one hard-boiled egg, six button mushrooms, salt and pepper, three eggs, breadcrumbs.

Chop the chicken and cooked ham or tongue finely, and the hard-boiled eggs and mushrooms added coarsely. Put the sauce in a small pan, add the chicken, ham, mushrooms, chopped egg, and a nice seasoning of salt and pepper. Stir it over the fire till well mixed; then beat up two of the yolks and stir them in. Cook again over the fire for a few minutes. Turn the mixture on to a plate and let it cool. Mark it into even divisions with your knife. Put the pan of frying fat on the fire to get hot. With your knife make each division into a neat cutlet. When all are shaped, brush them over with beaten egg and cover them with breadcrumbs. When a bluish smokes rises from the frying pan, put in one or two of the cutlets, and fry them a pretty golden brown. Then place them on a tin lined with kitchen paper to drain. Arrange them long on a plate and on the other in a straight line on a hot dish and place an edging of fried parsley round. A piece of parsley stalk or a bit of uncooked macaroni should be stuck into the end of each cutlet to represent the bone of an ordinary cutlet.

Cost 2s. 5d. for eight portions.

Our Feuilleton.

Chance, the Juggler.

BY CORALIE STANTON AND HEATH HOSKEN.

(Authors of "By Right of Marriage.")

CHAPTER XLV.

Continued.

The Colonel was silent for a long time. Wonder had given place to a strange expression in his eyes that she could not have interpreted even if she had seen it. But she was not looking at him; her face was set, her eyes were fixed on the sea.

When he spoke they suddenly went back to their old footing. He was master again; the situation was in his hands.

"Leave him to me," he said. "Forgive me if I am brutal, but it would be too dangerous to tell him. As you say, jealousy is a disease, a madness. There is no knowing what he would do. I will deal with him. It may only be a threat. We may not need to tell him. I will come over now, or later—I must have time to think it over."

"Oh, no, no," she murmured. She saw them both. Philip, as she had last seen him, with the unleashed furies in his heart, and this man, silent, relentless, absolutely master of himself. What could come of such a meeting?

"Won't you trust me, Mrs. Chesney?" he asked.

Suddenly the soft strains of the hotel orchestra, playing a waltz, fell on her ears; the beauty of the world spread around her appealed to her with irresistible force. She wanted joy and gaiety and colour; she did not want to tell the truth about that night; she did not want to lose everything, for even a dead heart could not rob her of her youth. This man was so strong, as strong as ten Philips. He would save her again.

"Won't you trust me?" he asked again.

"Yes." "That is right. Now go back into the hotel and look for Lady Tyneside, and then go home, and don't speak to your husband alone. I will come after dinner. Courage—why," he added, with his whimsical smile, "it shames me to speak to you of courage—the bright days will come back again."

She mutely shook her head, and left him. He did not know what had taken place in her heart.

The Easter moon was in its first quarter, nearing the full, and the night was brilliant. Venus shone brightly in Aries, and Mars in Virgo.

The Mediterranean was a sheet of glass, crossed by the pathways of moon and stars, so still as to seem almost unnatural. Not a breath of wind moved in the spaces. A cloudless calm was over sea and land and the white lights of the heavens.

Mentone now came to sleep an hour ago, for Mentone retires early and rises with the sun. Only hotel night porters remained wakeful against the coming of those few belated ones by the last train from Monte Carlo.

Colonel Joscelyn had come over by train immediately after an early dinner, arriving at the Hotel de Paris about nine o'clock, just as Philip was leaving alone for Monte Carlo. The two men met in the garden of the hotel.

The meeting was unexpected on both sides, and just because of that it was the most conventional, which was, perhaps, just as well.

"The very man I want to see," remarked Joscelyn, carelessly. "How do you do?"

Philip was taken off his guard. A dozen times already had he imagined this meeting, lived it over again and again in advance. In his heated imagination, the meeting had been crudely tragic, or icily cold. They two—Paul Joscelyn and he—could never have any converse again. He had felt like a Frenchman. Lust of blood and revenge, the Latin sense of honour had inflamed him. Ordinarily a sensible and matter-of-fact Englishman, the hysteric desire to avenge his wrong and honour in the medieval manner had been paramount in his disordered mind. He would insult Paul Joscelyn, and they should meet and fight—fight with swords or pistols, what mattered it? He forgot in those feverish moments of mental delirium that Paul Joscelyn had been the best shot in the Army, and that he had beaten the great Italian with rapiers in two friendly contests within his own memory, forgot also that Englishmen are not children and do not fight duels, for Philip Chesney had for the time being lost all sense of the fitness of things; his mental and moral balance were deranged. As a reasoning being, he was demoralised. It is as well that we fully realise these things, since it is not

fair to judge madmen by the code applied to the sane.

Even then, in the face of this calm, ordinary, and conventional greeting, he felt a sort of paroxysm of rage surge up within him. "The very man I want to see! How do you do?"

He was within an ace of consummating the most ridiculous position he had ever been called upon to fill, within an ace of telling Paul Joscelyn, the man who a few months ago he would not dare to have addressed save as "sir," his Colonel, his chief, the bronze idol before whom he cowered—yes, and in his heart admired and worshipped—that he was the very last person in the world he wanted to see. But, because he still had some fading glimmer of that fitness of things, and was not, with all his faults, a cad, he restrained himself.

Perhaps it was something in the Colonel's voice or manner, or some half-forgotten memory or fear, or idea, or perhaps that ingrained and still uneffaced respect of a subaltern for the Colonel—who knows?—that caused him to fall in with Joscelyn's attitude, to behave conventionally, and murmur a conventional lie to the effect that he was glad to see the Colonel. It matters little, at any rate, for manners, even though they make and mar men, count for very little in the great scheme of things.

"Where are you going?" asked Joscelyn, still in the most careless and ordinary of voices.

"Going? I—eh? Oh, I was just off to Monte," said Philip, awkwardly.

"Monte? Very foolish! To-night, too, of all nights." The Colonel deliberately drew out a cigar from his bulky case and lit it. "There's a beastly fête—some charity affair—Chinese lanterns, tawdry decorations, bands, fireworks. All Nice is arriving. That is why I fled."

Philip was silent.

"Don't go, Chesney," added the Colonel.

"It might be interesting," essayed Philip desperately. "I believe they do these things very well in Monte Carlo."

"Ugh! Don't talk rot. Take my tip. Keep out of it. By the way, have a cigar?"

"Thanks," murmured Philip. He was gradually being reduced to a state of impotence. Rage, fierce and murderous, dwindled down into rankling spite; hot and grandiloquent words died on his lips, grand denunciations faded from his mind. This man had hypnotised him. He was a stronger man than he. A few moments ago Philip Chesney had not been a normal man; he had been diseased. It had been an obsession. He had degenerated to primeval man but a degree above the beasts. But Paul Joscelyn had wrought the change. He was as cold water to a hysterical woman. He was convention, and Philip Chesney felt its power; so great was it, indeed, that he behaved and spoke to the man he most feared and hated as he might have behaved and spoken to him yesterday. Twentieth century civilisation, if it produces nothing else, produces contrasts, paradoxes, and the grimmest of humour.

"Come for a stroll," said the Colonel. "It's a glorious night. I'll do you more good than Monte Carlo."

Philip looked at the star-spangled sky with unseeing eyes. It might have been a London fog. "All right," he faltered, irresponsibly. "I don't mind." "A glorious night," repeated the Colonel. "An Indian night." "Yes, it is a fine night," admitted Philip, absently.

"Well, come along, then." The Colonel strolled on. Philip followed, why he knew not, nor cared. It was fate; and a stronger power controlled him. What mattered anything to-night? Yes, what mattered anything? Murder had been in his soul; chaotic ideas of revenge—undefinable, intangible. Where were they now?

For days past those same ideas had made him seek the Colonel's company, court his society, and parade before the world the fact that Philip Chesney and Paul Joscelyn were the best of friends, as if that very thing in itself were proof positive that the lies and scandals and innuendos that were whispered—spoken aloud, too, blatantly at times, blazoned forth with flourish of trumpets—were indeed lies and scandals, even though he himself in his heart believed them. His honour was at stake. It had become a sort of fetish with him; so great an obsession that that shibboleth of honour cause in an ordinarily sensible man.

His good name—his honour, forsooth! This was the thing he fought for, lied for, suffered the agony of hell for, all the time a woman's heart was breaking, and a word could have put all things right.

And to-night of all nights! To meet the man face to face, having within him the knowledge of that frightful fact. On the thirteenth of June, on that night that Lewis Demold was supposed to have committed suicide in Colonel Joscelyn's rooms at the Albany, she—Martia Chesney, his wife, was in those rooms! God in Heaven, was it all madness of delirium or was it truth?

"As a matter of fact," said Paul Joscelyn, quietly, "I came over to see you. I want to have a chat with you."

"I see," muttered Philip, grimly, as they strode eastwards along the deserted promenade towards Italy. The moon cast long black shadows in front of them. It was strangely bright.

"In a way," said Colonel Joscelyn, "you have been rather badly treated. I admit that; but, then, after all, one must make allowances and judge things by their environment, circumstances, and—"

"What the deuce do you mean?" asked Philip, sharply.

"I mean that you, not being a good actor, my dear Chesney, have not succeeded in keeping from me the knowledge that you are acutely miserable about something which ought not to give you a moment's anxiety." The Colonel spoke slowly and deliberately as he walked. He had set himself a task, and a very difficult task, which, now that he came face to face with it, seemed to increase and magnify in difficulty.

For a long time they walked on in silence, meeting not a soul. The air was crisp and fresh, even though no breath of wind moved in the stillness of the night.

To a certain extent Paul Joscelyn was acting in the dark. Martia had told him everything, it is true, and he had said: "Leave him to me," and she had trusted. But there were many unexplained details, and Colonel Joscelyn did not mean to give anything away. Besides, there was the attitude of Philip Chesney to gauge, and that was very difficult even for Paul Joscelyn.

Philip's attitude? Everything depended on a right and fair estimate of that. Martia had in all probability exaggerated matters—she was bound to have done that in her present super-excited frame of mind. She, poor little woman, had been all for telling him everything, making him party to their secret; in short, making a trio of their duet. But Joscelyn had been against the idea. Philip Chesney must be treated according to his temperament. And his temperament was at the present moment most obscure.

It was he, for instance, who suddenly made a remark on the night, and Joscelyn had perforce to fall in with the mood. As they walked swiftly onwards they resumed to a large extent their old attitude. They were talking like two conventional acquaintances, talking, as they generally did, for the sake of it, and as a blind to their thoughts. And this was not what Paul Joscelyn wanted. To-night the thing was to come to a head, the disease to crisis. To-night he must know the worst. He was there to defend a woman's honour at all costs, and incidentally—for he was no altruist—his own.

He had achieved one thing, it is true; he had got Philip Chesney alone. That had, an hour ago, seemed to him to be the greatest difficulty. He had come prepared for emergency. Paul Joscelyn had made no idle boast when he had said, "Leave him to me."

They walked on swiftly and in silence, both thinking thoughts that both feared to utter. Was it, after all, to be a duel of silence? No! Paul Joscelyn awoke. It was now or never. Everything had led up to this point—this moment. It was an epoch. Afterwards? Well, that depended on the duel.

"Chesney," he said, "we've got to come to a clear understanding."

"About what?"

"Don't be a fool."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean you and I have to square matters—here and now. There was a ring of steel in the Colonel's voice.

"Square matters?"

"Yes."

Philip forced a laugh. "Really," he commenced weakly. "I am at a loss to—"

"You are nothing of the sort," interrupted the Colonel, sternly. "And you know exactly what I mean. Will you oblige me by being sensible? Look here, we can't talk if we walk at this rate. Let's keep the lower road. We can pass the Italian sentry chap and smoke our cigars on the rocks. You and I, Chesney, must settle scores now, this night, once and for all. Do you understand me?"

"No, I do not," exclaimed Philip, hotly.

"No, I'll make the position clear. I admit that you are to be excused to a certain extent."

"Excused—what in the name of thunder do you mean?"

"Excused, I said," continued the Colonel suavely, "to a certain extent; but only to that extent. You have exceeded the limits. You are behaving like a cad."

"What?" The young man's voice was shrill. He stopped suddenly and swung round. His face was pallid; the moon shone full upon it.

"I said a cad," repeated the Colonel imperceptibly. "You are behaving like a cad; and just because I don't believe you are a cad, I am talking to you like this."

"You are damnably insolent, sir."

"Hush! Don't start with epithets until I've finished. I am here to protect a woman who ought to be protected by another man—a man who has the right and privilege to protect her, a man whose duty it is to protect her. It is because that man has forfeited his right, sacrificed his privilege, and forgotten his duty, that I am here talking to you like this. I have stepped into the breach."

"Of whom are you talking, pray?" asked Philip, with hardly affected scorn.

"Your wife," answered the Colonel. "Mrs. Chesney. You—confound it all! you aren't fit to lick her shoes. You're an infernal skunk! As no one else has apparently told you, then, I will. Now, perhaps you'll descend to my level and understand—eh?"

He had spoken for a moment angrily, contemptuously. Now he suddenly relaxed into his coldly impassive calm.

They crossed the frontier and stepped down France into Italy and over the Torrent de St. Louis. On their left, more than two hundred feet above its rocky bed, the Corniche Road leaped the gorge by a single arch. The Italian sentry hardly looked at them. They were only "forestieri" from Mentone, and would be returning soon.

The serrated rocks towered into the starry sky, those rocks that were perforated with grottoes of troglodyte men. They strode in silence, walking swiftly, passed the little frontier café, from which came the twang of a guitar and a high-pitched tenor voice singing a Neapolitan "canzone"—on to the foot of the red cliffs, where the path grooved in the olive and lemon groves of Grimaldi.

Suddenly Paul Joscelyn stopped. "This is quiet enough," he said in an expressionless voice. "Now we can come to an understanding. We can go into the cave you like. Anyhow, we are alone."

Philip stopped too, and regarded the older man, frowning.

"Well," he said. "Go on—have you any further insulting remark to make?"

"That depends," said the Colonel. "I have come here to-night with a very clear purpose in my mind. A great deal depends upon you. This afternoon I saw Mrs. Chesney. She told me exactly how things stand, and you—you told me of what you have said, and you have threatened to do."

The effect of these words on Philip Chesney was electrical. All the smouldering passion and hatred, suspicion and jealousy leapt up into a very volucrant of all-consumed rage—fierce, wild, horrid. The flame that nature of his distorted his face, and made it terrible to look upon. It was the face of Cain, the face of a man who had gone back to the beginning of things, and because he was angered, he wanted to kill.

In contrast, Paul Joscelyn was perfectly calm, and perhaps it was this that maddened the man still more. He had held over himself, and had become demoralised; the devil he had fought during these last few days had gained the victory. He was a man possessed of demons.

The Colonel listened for a long time unmoved by the torrent of abuse and insult and calumny that Philip flung upon him so articulately in his fury. Every foul word that a man could use Philip Chesney used, every conceivable insult he flung at Paul.

Paul Joscelyn had never been impugned before in his life. He was not the sort of man who would care to be insulted. He had never been addressed by any man or woman with expressed or implied respect, save with the respect of a soldier, and he had looked upon him as a god. Not a man in the old regiment was there who would have gone straight to certain death had he told him to do so. He was of the stuff of which emperors and rulers are made. As an emperor might have swayed the world; even as a general he had the making of a Caesar.

And now, for the first time in his life, a man of his own class, one of his own rank, was telling him that he was a traitor, a betrayer, a disgrace to his profession, a cad, a traitor, a disgrace to his profession. And he listened, smoking calmly, with the faintest suspicion of a smile growing on the steady, set face—the face they likened to a bronze idol. That smile was perhaps the grimmest that ever lighted the face of a man.

At that moment the strangeness of the scene struck Paul Joscelyn with an eerie feeling of the fantastic rocks, the stupendous gorges of the St. Louis, the grim caves of prehistoric times. The vision of time and the ages rose before him; he saw that place as it had been in the days when vast forests and plains stretched away to the south, where now the silver Mediterranean glistened in the starlight. He saw a vision of the huge monsters on the plains, a age disporting themselves under the palms, and here, where they stood, by the caves of the cliff men, still bearing signs of the fires of their fires, the first men, giants, clad in skins with wonderful teeth, and their women clothed with ornaments of salmon vertebrae. He saw men killed when they hated, and feasted on their enemies. In the very cave, and the cross they stood their bones still lay, and the skull and the flint axehead—three primeval skeletons, one woman and two men. One woman's skull clutched with a flint. One woman's two men. It had always been thus.

The grim smile grew. After all, the world had altered but little since then—Time annihilated and Eternity was for ever the same.

He killed. The spirit of the cave men was in him—the madness of the starlight, the shadow of the eternal rocks that had seen the flint axe cleave the skull of the second man. Was he the mate of the woman—who knew? Perchance he spoke like Philip Chesney—then killed. Perchance—who knew?—happ it was the other man who roared with blow. It was not written on the rocks, but only the blackened smoke of the home of a railway tunnel pierced the home of a cave men now, and Riviera trains de thundered through the rocks.

Two men in the conventional dress of twentieth century stood there now, facing each other in anger, where aeons ago, those men in skins and furs had stood. Perchance the old feud of the cave men had come through the ages with their souls that now never died—their souls which now followed their upward path in the bodies of Philip Chesney and Paul Joscelyn?

To be continued.

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FLOVERED silk Semi-Evening Gown, frills, and skirt; good as new; quite fresh; 39s.—Write 2998, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

FREE—Lady's dainty cambric Handkerchief, postage paid; unstained and unsoiled. The British Linen Company, Oxford-street, London.

FUR Cape, imitation sable; never worn; cost Shaking; what offers—C. J. H., Thornbury.

FURS—Magnificent Alexandra Dagmar Necktie and Muff, beautiful real Russian sable hair; worth 44s.; never worn; 12s. 6d.; approval.—Miss Eabel, 31, Clapham-road.

GENTLEMAN'S fawn rough tweed Norfolk Coat and Knickerbockers; quite good; tail and boots; 10s. 6d.; 34s.—Write 2913, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GIRL'S cream cashmere party Frock (about 14); prettily trimmed satin ribbon and lace; worth twice; 13s.—Write 2918, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GOOD Donegal tweed Costume, for girl or country wear, trimmed leather; 24, 37, 30s.—Write 2922, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GREAT Bargains in recherche Gowns, Costumes, Houses for one week only.—Levinthal, Court Taylor, 100, Finchley-road, N.W.

HANDSOME black silk Dress, bodice trimmed white panne, hand-printed front, violets; good condition; cost 45s.; bargain 35s.; 41, 24s.—30, Grafton-road, Acton.

HANDSOME model Coat of palest biscuit-coloured cloth with lace yoke; silk-lined; lovely hanging ornaments; immense sleeves with lace ruffles; cost 10 guineas; take 43 10s.—Write 2906, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HANDSOME grey long-haired zibeline Coat, silk-lined, pelierine cape, trimmed blue and white silk gaiters; semi-fitted; 43 10s.—Write 2911, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HANDSOME electric-blue cloth Gown, 12 trimmed velvet and silver gaiters; average; 35s.—Write 2943, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

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HANDSOME evening Gown of black net over white satin; sequins hand-sewn all over gown; tulle velvet on corsage and sleeves; 44 10s.—Write 2989, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HANDSOME black and white satin foudard Gown, trimmed fine black French lace; latest style; lined silk; 28, 39; 45s.—Write 3012, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HANDSOME pale biscuit cloth Gown, 11 strapped silk, trimmed lace and emerald panne, silk-lined throughout; average; cost 9 guineas; take 59s.—Write 2919, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HANDSOME pair of French straight-fronted Corsets; black and red brocade; lovely shape; good as new; 30s. 20s.—Write 3022, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HANDSOME Empire Coat, dark blue cloth, braided, and trimmed Persian lamb; suit tail; 45s.—Write 3015, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HAND-MADE crocheted Petticoat of pink and white best fingerings; yandke design; very warm; 10s. 6d.; double—Write 2954, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HEATHER mixture tailor-made Outdoor Costume; short; small size; lined, semi-sat coat; small size; 25s.—Write 2914, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HELOIOTROPE canvas House-Gown, trimmed silk and lace; lined; small size; 23s. 40s.; 35s.—Write 2932, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HOMESPUN Walking Costume, for country wear; bound leather; medium; 22s.—Write 2932, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

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MOURNING—Lady will accept 48s. for hand-made new crinoline three-quarter coat (lined silk and skirt); cost 77s.—Write 760, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

MOURNING—Smart navy Costume; cost 63s.; suit 15s. 6d.; lovely evening Gown (violet), 28s.; ermine grizzly Muff, 23 10s.; sable Muff, 42s.; several Houses, 10s. 6d.—Chic, 120, New Bond-street, W.

MYRTLE green frize bolero Costume; trimmed black silk braid; quite good; 28, 39; 25s.—Write 2947, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

NEWMARKET Costume of pale grey zibeline, 12 stitched panne collar and revers; very smart; 55s.; tail figure.—Write 2936, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

PAGE'S Suit; boy eight years; blue satin knickers and cape, lawn shirt, silk stockings; Court shoe; once worn.—Miss Grant, The Lodge, Melton Mowbray.

PALE grey cloth Pleated Hat; threaded black chenille; trimmed orange velvet and black; 35s.; 12s. 6d.—Write 2959, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

PALE pink silk Dance Dress, gauged hip, 12 gauged rich lace and chiffon trimmings; beautiful lace and trails of flowers; 23, 41; 59s.—Write 2933, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

PALE yellow soft silk evening Gown; gauged rich lace and chiffon trimmings; 24, 42; 58s.—Write 2987, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

PARISIAN Gown of moly-grey cloth, handsomely trimmed lace, velvet, etc.; model; cost 22 guineas; take 45 10s.—Write 2923, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

PERFECTLY new; midist; handsome Visiting Gown of grey velvet; trimmed silk panne; menterie; never worn; only 38s.; cost 95s.—Write 2905, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

PERFECTLY new; an embroidered white silk Robe; not made up; good shape; lovely quality; cost 4 guineas; take 43 2s.—Write 2997, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

PRETTY Evening Coat for young lady, of pale pink cashmere, lined quitted satin, trimmed white Thibet, good condition; 15s.—Write 2977, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

PRETTY cream nun's veiling Semi-Evening Gown; scarcely worn; trimmed ribbon (velvet); small size; 29s.—Write 2995, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

PRETTY golden-brown panne Toque, cream lace applique, silk ribbon, and cream and brown wings; very smart; 7s. 6d.—Write 2946, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

PRETTY pink silk muslin Dance Dress for young lady (about 17); daintily made with fishy tail; 12s. 6d.—Write 2901, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

PRUNE-COLOURED albine bolero Costume, coat lined satin; good condition; 24, 41; 25s.—Write 2996, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

RED cloth Guards' Coat, piped black, silk-lined; 15s.—Write 2941, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

RICH ivory Orient satin Evening Gown, beautiful gold and pearl embroidery trimmings; little soiled at hem; 24, 41; 42s.—Write 2999, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SEALSKIN Jacket; three-quarter length; quite new and unsoiled; 45 15s.; worth 41s.; approval.—Write 901, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, E.C.

SEALSKIN Cape; in very good condition; 43 3s.—Write 907, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, E.C.

SMART grey mackintosh Coat; full length; lined; 15s.—Write 2915, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.